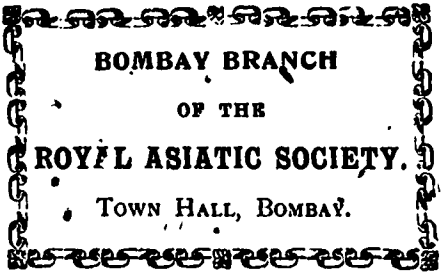
00054063

221.8
Man/Poe
54063.

TO BE ISSUED
THE LIBRARY.




Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 17 February, 2016

A

# POET'S PORTFOLIO;

OR,

## MINOR POEMS:

IN THREE BOOKS.

54063

BY

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

IX-L-13

"Fall'n feathers of a moulting wing,
Which ne'er again may soar;
Notes, sung in Autumn woods, where Spring
Shall hear their sounds no more
Her voice and plume — the Bird renews;
Man falls but once; — 't is in the tomb,
His strength He mews."

*A Page of Oblivion.*

LIBRARY
OF THE
BOWDOIN
BRANCH
OF THE
ALUMNI

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR

LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN, GREEN, & LONGMAN,

PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1835.

821.8
Mon/Poe
54063.

# PREFACE.

THE title of this book may be deemed an affected one. Next to the reality, the Author (if he understands himself) would in every thing shun the appearance of such foppery; yet, if the plain truth will not clear him, he must suffer the discredit in this instance. His former publications being respectively known by their leading subjects, it seemed necessary that this supplement to them should be characterised according to its general contents. Wherefore, after sufficient perplexity of choice, none more appropriate occurring, he adopted the present designation, as implying that the volume consists of miscellaneous and fugitive pieces, which

(with many others) have been accumulating on his hands, during a period, when no recollection of past success could embolden him to attempt greater things.

But it would be affectation, indeed, equally vain and disingenuous, were he to make a show of disparaging what he now submits alike to favour and to censure. In small things as well as in great, it is the duty of him who assumes to be a poet never to offer less than his best to the public. Having endeavoured to do so, on this occasion, the writer, with all deference, leaves the issue to be determined by those who may please to become his judges.

*Sheffield,*
*March* 6. 1835.

# CONTENTS.

## BOOK I.

### NARRATIVES.


| | Page |
|---|---|
| Farewell to War | 3 |
| Lord Falkland's Dream (a.d. 1643) | 8 |
| The Patriot's Pass-Word | 30 |
| The Voyage of the Blind | 36 |
| An Every-Day Tale | 52 |
| A Tale without a Name | 62 |
| A Snake in the Grass. A Tale for Children: founded on Facts | 89 |
| Ugolino and Ruggieri | 98 |


## BOOK II.

### MISCELLANIES.


| | |
|---|---|
| A Voyage round the World | 109 |
| Birds | 128 |

Page

TIME. A Rhapsody ..... 140

TO A FRIEND, WITH THE FOREGOING LUCUBRATION. ..... 145

A LUCID INTERVAL ..... 146

WORMS AND FLOWERS ..... 150

THE RECLUSE ..... 153

THE RETREAT ..... 156

SPEED THE PROW! ..... 163

THE SKY-LARK (Addressed to a Friend) ..... 166

THE FIXED STARS ..... 169

THE LILY (To a young Lady, E. P.) ..... 172

THE GENTIANELLA ..... 174

THE SUN-FLOWER ..... 176

WINTER-LIGHTNING ..... 177

HUMILITY ..... 179

EVENING-TIME ..... 181

REMINISCENCE ..... 183

A RECOLLECTION OF MARY F. ..... 186

THE CHOLERA MOUNT ..... 189

THE TOMBS OF THE FATHERS ..... 196

A CRY FROM SOUTH AFRICA ..... 206

## SONGS

### ON THE ABOLITION OF NEGRO SLAVERY IN THE BRITISH COLONIES.

No. I. THE RAINBOW ..... 213

No. II. "THE NEGRO IS FREE" ..... 214

Page

No. III. SLAVERY THAT WAS ..... 216
No. IV. SLAVERY THAT IS NOT ..... 218
No. V. THE NEGRO'S VIGIL: on the Eve of the first of August, 1834. ..... 220

## BOOK III.

### SACRED AND SCRIPTURE SUBJECTS.

THE SAND AND THE ROCK ..... 225
AT HOME IN HEAVEN ..... 233
HEAVEN IN PROSPECT ..... 240
GARDEN THOUGHTS ..... 242
TO MR. AND MRS. T. WITH THE FOREGOING ..... 247
THE FIELD OF THE WORLD ..... 248
FAREWELL TO A MISSIONARY ..... 250
AN AFTER-THOUGHT ..... 252
"LOVEST THOU ME?" ..... 254
"THE PRISONER OF THE LORD." A Sabbath Hymn for a sick Chamber ..... 255
THE LOT OF THE RIGHTEOUS ..... 258
A BENEDICTION FOR A BABY ..... 263
"OCCUPY TILL I COME" ..... 266
EVENING SONG FOR THE SABBATH DAY ..... 269
OUR SAVIOUR'S PRAYERS ..... 272
THE CHRONICLE OF ANGELS ..... 278

A

# POET'S PORTFOLIO

## BOOK I.

## NARRATIVES.

# FAREWELL TO WAR.

BEING A PROLOGUE TO

"Lord Falkland's Dream," and "Arnold de Winkelried, or the Patriot's Pass-word."

---

PEACE to the trumpet!—no more shall my breath
Sound an alarm in the dull ear of death,
Nor startle to life from the truce of the tomb
The relics of heroes, to combat till doom.
Let Marathon sleep to the sound of the sea,
Let Hannibal's spectre haunt Cannæ for me;
Let Cressy and Agincourt tremble with corn,
And Waterloo blush with the beauty of morn;
I turn not the furrow for helmets and shields,
Nor sow dragons' teeth in their old fallow fields;

I will not, as bards have been wont, since the flood,
With the river of song swell the river of blood,
—The blood of the valiant, that fell in all climes,
—The song of the gifted, that hallow'd all crimes,
—All crimes in the war-fiend incarnate in one;
War, withering the earth—war, eclipsing the sun,
Despoiling, destroying, since discord began,
God's works and God's mercies,—man's labours and man.

Yet war have I loved, and of war I have sung,
With my heart in my hand and my soul on my tongue;
With all the affections that render life dear,
With the throbbings of hope and the flutterings of fear,
—Of hope, that the sword of the brave might prevail,
—Of fear, lest the arm of the righteous should fail.

But what was the war that extorted my praise?
What battles were fought in my chivalrous lays?
—The war against darkness contending with light;
The war against violence trampling down right;
—The battles of patriots, with banner unfurl'd,
To guard a child's cradle against an arm'd world;
Of peasants that peopled their ancestors' graves,
Lest their ancestors' homes should be peopled by slaves.
I served, too, in wars and campaigns of the mind;
My pen was the sword, which I drew for mankind;
—In war against tyranny throned in the West,
—Campaigns to enfranchise the negro oppress'd;
The war *against* war, on whatever pretence,
For glory, dominion, revenge or defence,
While murder and perfidy, rapine and lust,
Laid provinces desolate, cities in dust.

Yes, war *against* war was ever my pride;
My youth and my manhood in waging it died,

And age, with its weakness, its wounds, and its scars,
Still finds my free spirit unquench'd as the stars,
And he who would bend it to war must first bind
The waves of the ocean, the wings of the wind;
For I call it not war, which war's counsels o'erthrows,
I call it not war which gives nations repose;
'T is judgment brought down on themselves by the proud,
Like lightning, by fools, from an innocent cloud.

I war against *all* war;—nor, till my pulse cease,
Will I throw down my weapons, because I love peace,
Because I love liberty, execrate strife,
And dread, most of *all* deaths, that slow death called life,
Dragg'd on by a vassal, in purple or chains,
The breath of whose nostrils, the blood in whose veins,
He calls not his own, nor holds from his God,
While it hangs on a king's or a sycophant's nod.

Around the mute trumpet,—no longer to breathe
War-clangours, my latest war-chaplets I wreathe,
Then hang them aloof on the time-stricken oak,
And thus, in its shadow, heaven's blessing invoke:—
"Lord God! since the African's bondage is o'er,
And war in our borders is heard of no more,
May never, while Britain adores Thee, again
The malice of fiends or the madness of men,
Break the peace of our land, and by villanous wrong
Find a field for a hero, a hero for song."

# LORD FALKLAND'S DREAM.

## A. D. 1643.

---

" Io vo gridando, Pace! pace! pace!"

PETRARCA, *Canzone agli principi d'Italia, Esortazione alla Pace, A. D.* 1344. *

" In this unhappy battle (of Newbury) was slain the Lord Viscount Falkland, a person of such prodigious parts of learning and knowledge, of that inimitable sweetness and delight of conversation, of so flowing and obliging a humanity and goodness to mankind, and of that primitive simplicity and integrity of life, that if there were no other brand upon this odious and accursed war, than that single loss, it must be most infamous and execrable to all posterity.

* " I go exclaiming, Peace! peace! peace!" — From PETRARCH'S *Canzone to the Princes of Italy, entitled "An Exhortation to Peace."*

'Turpe mori, post te, solo non posse dolore.'

* * * * *

"From the entrance into that unnatural war, his natural cheerfulness and vivacity grew clouded; and a kind of sadness and dejection stole upon him, which he had never been used to. * * * After the King's return to Oxford, and the furious resolution of the two Houses not to admit any treaty for peace, those indispositions which had before touched him grew into a perfect habit of uncheerfulness; and he who had been so exactly easy and affable to all men; that his face and countenance was always present, and vacant to his company, and held any cloudiness or less pleasantness of the visage a kind of rudeness or incivility, became on a sudden less communicable, and thence very sad, pale, and exceedingly affected with the spleen. In his clothes and habit, which he minded before with more neatness, and industry, and expense, than is usual to so great a soul, he was not only incurious, but too negligent; and in his reception of suitors, and the necessary and casual addresses to his place (being then Secretary of State to King Charles), so quick, and sharp, and severe, that there wanted not some men (strangers to his nature and disposition) who believed him proud and imperious, from which no mortal man was ever more free."

* * * * *

"When there was any overture or hope of peace he would be more erect and vigorous, and exceedingly solicitous to press any thing which he thought might promote it; and, sitting among his friends, often, after a deep silence, and frequent sighs, would, with a shrill and sad accent, ingeminate the word '*Peace! peace!*' and would profess that the very agony of the

war, and the view of the calamities and desolation the kingdom did and must endure, took his sleep from him, and would shortly break his heart."

CLARENDON's *History*, vol. ii. part i.

---

WAR, civil war, was raging like a flood,
England lay weltering in her children's blood
Brother with brother waged unnatural strife,
Sever'd were all the charities of life:
Two passions,—virtues they assumed to be,—
Virtues they *were*,—romantic loyalty,
And stern, unyielding patriotism, possess'd
Divided empire in the nation's breast;
As though two hearts might in one body reign,
And urge conflicting streams from vein to vein.
On either side the noblest spirits fought,
And highest deeds on either side were wrought:
Hampden in battle yesterday hath bled,
Falkland to-morrow joins the immortal dead;

The one for freedom perish'd—not in vain;
The other falls,—a courtier without stain.

'T was on the eve of Newbury's doubtful fight;
O'er marshall'd foes came down the peace of night,
—Peace which, to eyes in living slumber seal'd,
The mysteries of the night to come reveal'd,
When that throng'd plain, now warm with heaving breath,
Should lie in cold, fix'd apathy of death.
Falkland from court and camp had glid away,
With Chaucer's shade*, through Speenham woods to stray,
And pour in solitude, without control,
Through the dun gloom, the anguish of his soul:
—Falkland, the plume of England's chivalry,
The just, the brave, the generous, and the free!
—Nay, task not poetry to tell his praise,
Twine but a wreath of transitory bays,

* The estate of Speenhamland, near Newbury, Berks, is said to have been the property and residence of Chaucer.

To crown him, as he lives, from age to age,
In Clarendon's imperishable page;
Look there upon the very man, and see
What Falkland was,—what thou thyself shouldst be;
Patriot and loyalist, who veil'd to none,
He loved his country and his king in one,
And could no more, in his affections, part
That wedded pair, than pluck out half his heart:
Hence every wound that each the other gave,
Brought their best servant nearer to the grave.
Thither he hasten'd, withering in his prime,
The worm of sorrow wrought the work of time,
And England's woes had sunk him with their weight,
Had not the swifter sword foreclosed his date.

In sighs for her his spirit was exhaled,
He wept for her till power of weeping fail'd,
Pale, wasted, nerveless, absent,—he appear'd
To haunt the scenes which once his presence cheer'd;

As though some vampire from its cerements crept,
And drain'd health's fountain nightly while he slept;
But he slept *not;* — sleep from his eyelids fled,
All restless as the ocean's foam his bed;
The very agony of war, — the guilt
Of blood by kindred blood in hatred spilt,
Crush'd heart and hope; till foundering, tempest-toss'd,
From gulfs to deeper gulfs, himself he lost.
Yet when he heard the drum to battle beat,
First at the onset, latest in retreat,
Eager to brave rebellion to the face,
Or hunt out peril in its hiding-place,
Falkland was slow to harm the' ignoble crowd,
He sought to raise the fall'n, strike down the proud,
Nor stood there one for parliament or throne
More choice of meaner lives, more reckless of his own.

Oft from his lips a shrill, sad moan would start,
And cold misgivings creep around his heart,
When he beheld the plague of war increase,
And but one word found utterance — "Peace! peace! peace!"

That eve he wander'd, in his wayward mood,
Through thoughts more wildering than the maze of wood,
Where, when the moon-beam flitted o'er his face,
He seem'd the' unquiet spectre of the place:
Rank thorns and 'briars, the rose and woodbine's bloom,
Perplex'd his path through checker'd light and gloom;
Himself insensible of gloom or light,
Darkness within made all around him night;
Till the green beauty of a little glade,
That open'd up to heaven, his footsteps stay'd:

Eye, breath, and pulse, the sweet enchantment felt,
His heart with tenderness began to melt;
Trembling, he lean'd against a Druid oak,
Whose boughs bare token of the thunder-stroke,
With root unshaken, and with bole unbroke:
Then thus, while hope almost forgot despair,
Breathed his soul's burden on the tranquil air:—

"O, Britain! Britain! to thyself be true;
Land which the Roman never could subdue:
Oft though he pass'd thy sons beneath the yoke,
As oft thy sons the spears they bow'd to broke;
Others with home-wrought chains he proudly bound,
His own too weak to fetter thee he found;
Though garrison'd by legions, legions fail'd
To quell thy spirit,—thy spirit again prevail'd.
By him abandon'd, island-martyr! doom'd
To prove the fires of ages unconsumed,
Though Saxon, Dane, Norwegian, Gallic hordes,
In dire succession, gave thee laws and lords,

Conquer'd themselves by peace,—in every field,
The victor to the vanquish'd lost his shield.
To win my country, to usurp her throne,
Canute and William must forsake their own;
Invading rivers thus roll back the sea,
Then lose themselves in its immensity.

"But 't was thine own distractions lent them aid,
Enslaved by strangers, because self-betray'd;
Still self-distracted;—yet should foreign foe
Land *now*, another spirit thy sons would show;
King, nobles, parliament, and people,—all,
Like the Red Sea's returning waves, would fall,
And with one burst o'erwhelm the mightiest host.
—Would such a foe this hour were on thy coast!

"How oft, O Albion! since those twilight times,
Have wars intestine laid thee waste with crimes!
Tweed's borderers were hereditary foes,
Nor can one crown even now their feuds compose;

Thy peasantry were serfs to vassal lords,
Yoked with their oxen, tether'd to their swords:
Round their cross-banners kings thy bowmen ranged,
Till York and Lancaster their roses changed.
Those days, thank Heaven! those evil days, are past,
Yet wilt thou fall by suicide at last?
O England! England! from such frenzy cease,
And on thyself have mercy, — Peace! peace! peace!"

"Who talks of Peace? — sweet Peace is in her grave;
Save a lone widow, — from her offspring save!"
Exclaim'd a voice, scarce earthly, in his ear,
Withering his nerves with unaccustom'd fear;
His hand was on his sword, but ere he drew
The starting blade, a suppliant cross'd his view;
Forth from the forest rush'd a female form,
Like the moon's image hurrying through the storm;

Down in a moment at his feet, aghast,
Lock'd to his smiting knees, herself she cast.
Rent were her garments, and her hair unbound,
All fleck'd with blood from many an unstaunch'd wound,
Inflicted by the very hands that press'd,
In rose-lipp'd infancy, her yearning breast;
And ever and anon she look'd behind,
As though pursuing voices swell'd the wind;
Then shriek'd insanely,—"Peace is in her grave!
Save a lost mother,—from her children save!"
Wan with heart-sickness, ready to expire,
Her cheeks were ashes, but her eye was fire,
—Fire fix'd, as through the horror of the mine,
Sparks from the diamond's still water shine;
So where the cloud of death o'ershadowing hung,
Light in her eye from depth of darkness sprung.
Dazzling his sight, and kindling such a flame
Within his breast as nature could not name;

He knew her not;—that face he never saw;
He loved her not,—yet love, chastised by awe
And reverence, with mysterious terror mix'd,
His looks on hers in fascination fix'd.

"Who?—whence?—what wouldst thou?" Falkland cried at length:
His voice inspired her; up she rose in strength,
Gather'd her robe and spread her locks, to hide
The unsightly wounds; then fervently replied:—
"Behold a matron, widow'd and forlorn,
Yet many a noble son to me was born,
Flowers of my youth, and morning-stars of joy!
—They quarrell'd, fought, and slew my youngest boy;
Youngest and best beloved!—I rush'd between,
My darling from the fratricides to screen;
He perish'd; from my arms he dropp'd in death;
I felt him kiss my feet with his last breath;

The swords that smote him, flashing round my head,
Pierced me,—the murderers saw my blood, and
fled,—
Their parent's blood; and she, unconscious why
She sought *thee* out, came here—came here to die.
'T is a strange tale;—'t is true,—and yet 't is not;
Follow me, Falkland, thou shalt see the spot,—
See my slain boy,—my life's own life,—the pride
And hope of his poor mother,—but he died;
*He* died,—and *she* did *not;*—how can it be?
But I 'm immortal!—Falkland, come and see."

She spake; while Falkland, more and more amazed,
On her ineffable demeanour gazed;
So vitally her form and features changed,
He thought his own clear senses were deranged;
Outraged and desolate she seem'd no more;
He follow'd; stately, she advanced before:
The thickets, at her touch, gave way, and made
A wake of moonlight through their deepest shade.

Anon he found himself on Newbury's plain,
Walking among the dying and the slain;
At every step in blood his foot was dyed,
He heard expiring groans on every side.
The battle-thunder had roll'd by; the smoke
Was vanish'd; calm and bright the morning broke,
While such estrangement o'er his mind was cast,
As though another day and night had past.
There, midst the nameless crowd, oft met his view
An eye, a countenance, which Falkland knew,
But knew not him;—that eye to ice congeal'd,
That countenance by death's blank signet seal'd:
Rebel and royalist alike laid low,
Where friend embraced not friend, but foe grasp'd foe;
Falkland had tears for each, and patriot sighs,
For both were Britons in that Briton's eyes.

Silent before him trod the lofty dame,
Breathlessly looking round her, till they came

Where shatter'd fences mark'd a narrow road:
Tracing that line, with prostrate corpses strow'd,
She turn'd their faces upward, one by one,
Till, suddenly, the newly-risen sun
Shot through the level air a ruddy glow,
That fell upon a visage white as snow;
Then with a groan of agony, so wild,
As if the soul within her spake,—"My child!
My child!" she said, and pointing, shrinking back,
Made way for Falkland.—Prone along the track
(A sight at once that warm'd and thrill'd with awe)
The perfect image of himself he saw,
Shape, feature, limb, the arms, the dress he wore,
And one wide, honourable wound before.
Then flash'd the fire of pride from Falkland's eye,
"'T is glorious for our country thus to die;
'T is sweet to leave an everlasting name,
A heritage of clear and virtuous fame."

While thoughts like these his maddening brain possess'd,
And lightning pulses thunder'd through his breast;
While Falkland living stood o'er Falkland dead,
Fresh at his feet the corse's death-wound bled,
The eye met his with inexpressive glance,
Like the sleep-walker's in benumbing trance,
And o'er the countenance of rigid clay,
The flush of life came quick, then pass'd away;
A momentary pang convulsed the chest,
As though the heart, awaking from unrest,
Broke with the effort;—all again was still;
Chill through his tingling veins the blood ran, chill:
"Can this," he sigh'd, "be virtuous fame and clear?
Ah! what a field of fratricide is here!
Perish who may,—'t is England, England falls;
Triumph who will,—his vanquish'd country calls,
As I have done,—as I will never cease,
While I have breath and being,—Peace! peace!
peace!

Here stoop'd the matron o'er the dead man's face,
Kiss'd the cold lips, then caught in her embrace
The living Falkland;—as he turn'd to speak,
He felt his mother's tears upon his cheek:
He knew her, own'd her, and at once forgot
All but her earliest love, and his first lot.
Her looks, her tones, her sweet caresses, then
Brought infancy and fairy land again,
Youth in the morn and maidenhood of life,
Ere fortune curst his father's house with strife,
And in an age when nature's laws were changed,
Mother and son, as heaven from earth, estranged.*

"Oh, Falkland! Falkland!" when her voice found speech,
The lady cried; then took a hand of each,

* There had been unhappy divisions in the family, both with respect to an inheritance which Falkland held from his grandfather, and the religion of his mother, who was a Roman Catholic.

And joining, clasp'd them in her own,—"My son!
Behold thyself, for thou and he are one."
The dead man's hand grasp'd Falkland's with such force,
He fell, transform'd into that very corse,
As though the wound which slew his counterpart
That moment sent the death-shot through his heart.

When from that ecstasy he oped his eyes,
He thought his soul translated to the skies;
The battle-field had disappear'd; the scene
Had changed to beauty, silent and serene;
City nor country look'd as heretofore;
A hundred years and half a hundred more
Had travell'd o'er him while entranced he lay;
England appear'd as England at *this* day,
In arts, arms, commerce, enterprise, and power,
Beyond the dreams of his devoutest hour,
When, with prophetic call, the patriot brought
Ages to come before creative thought.

With doubt, fear, joy, he look'd above, beneath,
Felt his own pulse, inhaled, and tried to breathe;
Next raised an arm, advanced a foot, then broke
Silence, yet only in a whisper spoke:—
"My mother! are we risen from the tomb?
Is this the morning of the day of doom?"
No answer came; his mother was not there,
But, tall and beautiful beyond compare,
One, who might well have been an angel's bride,
Were angels mortal, glitter'd at his side.
It seem'd some mighty wizard had unseal'd
The book of fate, and in that hour reveal'd
The object of a passion all his own,
—A lady unexistent, or unknown,
Whose saintly image, in his heart enshrined,
Was but an emanation of his mind.
The ideal form of glory, goodness, truth,
Embodied now in all the flush of youth,
Yet not too exquisite to look upon:
He kneel'd to kiss her hand,—the spell was gone.

Even while his brain the dear illusion cross'd,
Her form of soft humanity was lost.
—Then, nymph nor goddess, of poetic birth,
E'er graced Jove's heaven, or stept on classic earth,
Like her in majesty;—the stars came down
To wreathe her forehead with a fadeless crown;
The sky enrobed her with ethereal blue,
And girt with orient clouds of many a hue;
The sun, enamour'd of that loveliest sight,
So veil'd his face with her benigner light,
That woods and mountains, valleys, rocks, and streams,
Were only visible in her pure beams.

While Falkland, pale and trembling with surprise,
Admired the change, her stature seem'd to rise,
Till from the ground, on which no shadow spread,
To the arch'd firmament she rear'd her head;
And in the' horizon's infinite expanse,
He saw the British islands at a glance,

With intervening and encircling seas,
O'er which, from every port, with every breeze,
Exulting ships were sailing to all realms,
Whence vessels came, with strangers at their helms;
On Albion's shores all climes rejoiced to meet,
And pour their native treasures at her feet.

Then Falkland, in that glorious dame, descried
Not a dead parent, nor a phantom bride,
But *her* who ruled his soul, in either part,
At once the spouse and mother of his heart,
—His country, thus personified, in grace
And grandeur unconceived, before his face.
Then spake a voice, as from the primal sphere,
Heard by his spirit rather than his ear:—

"Henceforth let civil war for ever cease;
Henceforth, my sons and daughters, dwell in peace
Amidst the ocean-waves that never rest,
My lovely Isle, be thou the halcyon's nest;

Amidst the nations, evermore in arms,
Be thou a haven, safe from all alarms;
Alone immoveable 'midst ruins stand,
The' unfailing hope of every failing land:
To thee for refuge kings enthroned repair;
Slaves flock to breathe the freedom of thine air.
Hither, from chains and yokes, let exiles bend
Their footsteps; here the friendless find a friend;
The country of mankind shall Britain be,
The home of peace, the whole world's sanctuary."

The pageant fled; 't was but a dream: he woke,
And found himself beneath the Druid-oak,
Where first the phantom on his vigil broke.

Around him gleam'd the morn's reviving light;
But distant trumpets summon'd to the fight,
And Falkland slept among the slain at night.

## THE PATRIOT'S PASS-WORD.

On the achievement of Arnold de Winkelried, at the battle of Sempach, in which the Swiss insurgents secured the freedom of their country, against the power of Austria, in the fourteenth century.

---

"MAKE way for liberty!" he cried,
Made way for liberty, and died.

In arms the Austrian phalanx stood,
A living wall, a human wood;
A wall,—where every conscious stone
Seem'd to its kindred thousands grown,
A rampart all assaults to bear,
Till time to dust their frames should wear:

A wood,—like that enchanted grove*,
In which with fiends Rinaldo strove,
Where every silent tree possess'd
A spirit imprison'd in its breast,
Which the first stroke of coming strife
Might startle into hideous life:
So still, so dense, the Austrian stood,
A living wall, a human wood.
Impregnable their front appears,
All-horrent with projected spears,
Whose polish'd points before them shine,
From flank to flank, one brilliant line,
Bright as the breakers' splendours run
Along the billows to the sun.

Opposed to these, a hovering band
Contended for their father-land;
Peasants, whose new-found strength had broke
From manly necks the' ignoble yoke,

* *Gerusalemme Liberata*, canto xviii.

And beat their fetters into swords,
On equal terms to fight their lords,
And what insurgent rage had gain'd,
In many a mortal fray maintain'd.
Marshall'd once more, at freedom's call
They came to conquer or to fall,
Where he who conquer'd, he who fell,
Was deem'd a dead or living Tell;
Such virtue had that patriot breathed,
So to the soil his soul bequeath'd,
That wheresoe'er his arrows flew,
Heroes in his own likeness grew,
And warriors sprang from every sod,
Which his awakening footstep trod.

And now the work of life and death
Hung on the passing of a breath;
The fire of conflict burn'd within,
The battle trembled to begin;
Yet while the Austrians held their ground,
Point for assault was nowhere found;

Where'er the' impatient Switzers gazed,
The' unbroken line of lances blazed;
That line 't were suicide to meet,
And perish at their tyrants' feet:
How could they rest within their graves
To leave their homes the haunts of slaves?
Would they not feel their children tread,
With clanking chains, above their head?

It must not be; this day, this hour
Annihilates the invader's power;
All Switzerland is in the field,
She will not fly, she cannot yield,
She must not fall; her better fate
Here gives her an immortal date.
Few were the numbers she could boast,
Yet every freeman was a host,
And felt as 'twere a secret known,
That one should turn the scale alone,

While each unto himself was he,
On whose sole arm hung victory.

It did depend on one indeed;
Behold him,—Arnold Winkelried;
There sounds not to the trump of fame
The echo of a nobler name.
Unmark'd he stood amidst the throng,
In rumination deep and long,
Till you might see, with sudden grace,
The very thought come o'er his face,
And by the motion of his form
Anticipate the bursting storm,
And by the uplifting of his brow
Tell where the bolt would strike, and how.

But 't was no sooner thought than done,
The field was in a moment won;
"Make way for liberty!" he cried,
Then ran, with arms extended wide,

As if his dearest friend to clasp;
Ten spears he swept within his grasp;
"Make way for liberty!" he cried,
Their keen points cross'd from side to side;
He bow'd amidst them, like a tree,
And thus made way for liberty.

Swift to the breach his comrades fly,
"Make way for liberty!" they cry,
And through the Austrian phalanx dart,
As rush'd the spears through Arnold's heart,
While, instanteous as his fall,
Rout, ruin, panic seized them all;
An earthquake could not overthrow
A city with a surer blow.

Thus Switzerland again was free;
Thus death made way for liberty.

# THE VOYAGE OF THE BLIND.

---

The subject of the following poem was suggested by certain well authenticated facts, published at Paris, in a medical journal, some years ago; of which a few particulars may be given here.

"The ship *Le Rodeur*, Captain B., of two hundred tons burden, left Havre on the 24th of January, 1819, for the coast of Africa, and reached her destination on the 14th of March following, anchoring at Bonny, in the river Calabar. The crew, consisting of twenty-two men, enjoyed good health during the outward voyage, and during their stay at Bonny, where they continued till the 6th of April. They had observed no trace of ophthalmia among the natives; and it was not until fifteen days after they had set sail on the return voyage, and the vessel was near the equator, that they perceived the first symptoms of this frightful malady. It was then remarked, that the negroes, who, to the number of one hundred and sixty, were crowded together in the hold, and between the decks, had contracted a considerable redness of the eyes, which spread

with singular rapidity. No great attention was at first paid to these symptoms, which were thought to be caused only by the want of air in the hold, and by the scarcity of water, which had already begun to be felt. At this time they were limited to eight ounces of water a day for each person, which quantity was afterwards reduced to the half of a wine-glass. By the advice of M. Maugnan, the surgeon of the ship, the negroes, who had hitherto remained shut up in the hold, were brought upon deck in succession, in order that they might breathe a purer air. But it became necessary to abandon this expedient, salutary as it was, because many of the negroes, affected with *nostalgia* (a passionate longing to return to their native land), threw themselves into the sea, locked in each other's arms.

"The disease, which had spread itself so rapidly and frightfully among the Africans, soon began to infect all on board. The danger also was greatly increased by a malignant dysentery which prevailed at the time. The first of the crew who caught it was a sailor who slept under the deck, near the grated hatch which communicated with the hold. The next day a landsman was seized with ophthalmia; and in three days more, the captain and the whole ship's company, except one sailor, who remained at the helm, were blinded by the disorder.

"All means of cure which the surgeon employed, while he was able to act, proved ineffectual. The sufferings of the crew, which were otherwise intense, were aggravated by apprehension of revolt among the negroes, and the dread of not being able to reach the West Indies, if the only sailor who had hitherto escaped the contagion, and on whom their whole hope rested, should lose his sight like the rest. This calamity had actually befallen the *Leon*, a Spanish vessel which the Rodeur met on

her passage, and the whole of whose crew, having become blind, were under the necessity of altogether abandoning the direction of their ship. These unhappy creatures, as they passed, earnestly entreated the charitable interference of the seamen of the Rôdeur; but these, under their own affliction, could neither quit their vessel to go on board the Leon, nor receive the crew of the latter into the Rodeur, where, on account of the cargo of negroes, there was scarcely room for themselves. The vessels, therefore, soon parted company, and the Leon was never seen or heard of again, so far as could be traced at the publication of this narrative. In all probability, then, it was lost. On the fate of *this* vessel the poem is founded.

"The Rodeur reached Guadaloupe on the 21st of June, 1819; her crew being in a most deplorable condition. Of the negroes, thirty-seven had become perfectly blind, twelve had lost each an eye, and fourteen remained otherwise blemished by the disease. Of the crew, twelve, including the surgeon, had entirely lost their sight; five escaped with an eye each, and four were partially injured."

---

"It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in the' eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark."

MILTON'S *Lycidas*.

## PART I.

O'ER Africa the morning broke,
And many a negro-land reveal'd,

From Europe's eye and Europe's yoke,
In nature's inmost heart conceal'd:
Here roll'd the Nile his glittering train,
From Ethiopia to the main;
And Niger there uncoil'd his length,
That hides his fountain and his strength,
Among the realms of noon;
Casting away their robes of night,
Forth stood in nakedness of light,
The mountains of the moon.

Hush'd were the howlings of the wild,
The leopard in his den lay prone;
Man, while creation round him smiled,
Was sad or savage, man alone;
— Down in the dungeons of Algiers,
The Christian captive woke in tears;
— Caffraria's lean, marauding race
Prowl'd forth on pillage or the chase;

— In Libyan solitude,
The' Arabian horseman scour'd along;
— The caravan's obstreperous throng,
Their dusty march pursued.

But woe grew frantic in the west;
A wily rover of the tide
Had mark'd the hour of Afric's rest,
To snatch her children from her side:
At early dawn, to prospering gales,
The eager seamen stretch their sails;
The anchor rises from its sleep
Beneath the rocking of the deep;
Impatient from the shore,
A vessel steals;—she steals away,
Mute as the lion with his prey,
— A human prey *she* bore.

Curst was her trade and contraband,
Therefore that keel, by guilty stealth,

Fled with the darkness from the strand,
Laden with living bales of wealth:
Fair to the eye her streamers play'd
With undulating light and shade;
White from her prow the gurgling foam
Flew backward tow'rds the negro's home,
Like his unheeded sighs;
Sooner that melting foam shall reach
His inland home, than yonder beach
Again salute his eyes.

Tongue hath not language to unfold
The secrets of the space between
That vessel's flanks,—whose dungeon hold
Hides what the sun hath never seen;
Three hundred writhing prisoners there
Breathe one mephitic blast of air
From lip to lip;—like flame suppress,
It bursts from every tortured breast,

With dreary groans and strong;
Lock'd side to side, they feel by starts,
The beating of each other's hearts,
— Their breaking too, ere long.

Light o'er the blue untroubled sea,
Fancy might deem that vessel held
Her voyage to eternity,
By one unchanging breeze impell'd:
— Eternity is in the sky,
Whose span of distance mocks the eye;
Eternity upon the main,
The horizon there is sought in vain;
Eternity below
Appears in heaven's inverted face;
And on, through everlasting space,
The' unbounded billows flow.

Yet, while his wandering bark career'd
The master knew, with stern delight,

That full for port her helm was steer'd,
With aim unerring, day and night.
— Pirate! that port thou ne'er shalt hail;
Thine eye in search of it shall fail:
But lo! thy slaves expire beneath;
Haste, bring the wretches forth to breathe:
Brought forth,—away they spring,
And headlong in the whelming tide,
Rescued from thee, their sorrows hide
Beneath the halcyon's wing.

## Part II.

There came an angel of eclipse,
Who haunts at times the Atlantic flood,
And smites with blindness, on their ships,
The captives and the men of blood.
— *Here*, in the hold the blight began,
From eye to eye contagion ran;

Sight, as with burning brands, was quench'd;
None from the fiery trial blench'd,
But, panting for release,
They call'd on death, who, close behind,
Brought pestilence to lead the blind,
From agony to peace.

The twofold plague no power could check;
Unseen its withering arrows flew;
It walk'd in silence on the deck,
And smote from stem to stern the crew:
—As glow-worms dwindle in the shade,
As lamps in charnel-houses fade,
From every orb, with vision fired,
In flitting sparks the light retired;
The sufferers saw it go,
And o'er the ship, the sea, the skies,
Pursued it with their failing eyes,
Till all was black below.

A murmur swell'd along the gale,
All rose, and held their breath to hear;
All look'd, but none could spy a sail,
Although a sail was near:
—"Help! help!" our beckoning sailors cried;
"Help! help!" a hundred tongues replied:
Then hideous clamour rent the air,
Questions and answers of despair:
Few words the mystery clear'd;
The pest had found that second bark,
Where every eye but his was dark,
Whose hand the vessel steer'd.

He, wild with panic, turn'd away,
And thence his shrieking comrades bore;
From either ship the winds convey
Farewells, that soon are heard no more:
—A calm of horror hush'd the waves;
Behold them!—merchant, seamen, slaves,

The blind, the dying, and the dead;
All help, all hope, for ever fled;
Unseen, yet face to face!
Woe past, woe present, woe to come,
Held for a while each victim dumb,
—Impaled upon his place.

It is not in the blood of man
To crouch ingloriously to fate;
Nature will struggle while she can;
Misfortune makes her children great;
The head, which lightning hath laid low,
Is hallow'd by the noble blow:
The wretch who yields a felon's breath,
Emerges from the cloud of death,
A spirit on the storm:
But virtue perishing unknown,
Watch'd by the eye of heaven alone,
Is earth's least earthly form.

What were the scenes on board that bark?
The tragedy which none beheld,
When (as the deluge bore the ark),
By power invisible impell'd,
The keel went blindfold through the surge,
Where stream might drift, or tempest urge:
—Plague, famine, thirst, their numbers slew,
And frenzy seized the hardier few
Who yet were spared to try
How everlasting are the pangs,
When life upon a moment hangs,
And death stands mocking by.

Imagination's daring glance
May pierce that veil of mystery,
As in the rapture of a trance,
Things which no eye hath seen to see;
And hear by fits along the gales,
Screams, maniac-laughter, hollow wails:

— They stand, they lie, above, beneath,
Groans of unpitied anguish breathe,
Tears unavailing shed;
Each, in abstraction of despair,
Seems to himself a hermit there,
Alive among the dead.

Yet respite, — respite from his woes,
Even here, the conscious sufferer feels;
Worn down by torture to repose,
Slumber the vanish'd world reveals:
— Ah! then the eyes, extinct in night,
Again behold the blessed light;
Ah! then the frame of rack'd disease
Lays its delighted limbs at ease;
Swift to his own dear land,
The unfetter'd slave with shouts returns,
Hard by his dreaming tyrant burns
At sight of Cuba's strand.

To blank reality they wake,
In darkness opens every eye:
Peace comes;—the negro's heart-strings break,
To him 't is more than life to die:
—How feels, how fares the man of blood?
In endless exile on the flood,
Rapt, as though fiends his vessel steer'd,
Things which he once believed and fear'd,
—Then scorn'd as idle names,—
Death, judgment, conscience, hell conspire
With thronging images of fire,
To light up guilt in flames.

Who cried for mercy in that hour,
And found it on the desert sea?
Who to the utmost grasp of power
Wrestled with life's last enemy?
Who, Marius-like, defying fate,
(Marius on fallen Carthage) sate?

Who, through a hurricane of fears,
Clung to the hopes of future years?
And who, with heart unquail'd,
Look'd from time's trembling precipice
Down on eternity's abyss,
Till breath and footing fail'd?

Is there among this crew not one,
—One whom a widow'd mother bare,—
Who mourns far off her only son,
And pours for him her soul in prayer?
Even *now*, when o'er his soften'd thought,
Remembrance of her love is brought,
To soothe death's agony, and dart
A throb of comfort through his heart,—
Even *now* a mystic knell
Sounds through *her* pulse;—she lifts her eye,
Sees a pale spirit passing by,
And hears *his* voice, "farewell!"

Mother and son shall meet no more:
—The floating tomb of its own dead,
That ship shall never reach a shore;
But, far from track of seamen led,
The sun shall watch it, day by day,
Careering on its lonely way;
Month after month, the moon shine pale
On falling mast and riven sail;
The stars, from year to year,
Mark the bulged flanks, and sunken deck
Till not a ruin of the wreck
On ocean's face appear.

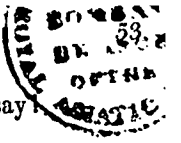
# AN EVERY-DAY TALE.

Written for a benevolent Society in the metropolis, the object of which is to relieve poor women during *the first month of their widowhood*, to preserve what little property they may have from wreck and ruin, in a season of embarrassment, when kindness and good counsel are especially needed; and, so far as may be practicable, to assist the destitute with future means of maintaining themselves and their fatherless children.

"The short and simple annals of the poor."

GRAY.

MINE is a tale of every day,
Yet turn not thou thine ear away;
For 't is the bitterest thought of all,
The wormwood *added* to the gall,
That such a wreck of mortal bliss,
That such a weight of woe as this,



Is no strange thing,—but, strange to say
The tale, the truth of every day.

At Mary's birth, her mother smiled
Upon her first, last, only child,
And, at the sight of that young flower,
Forgot the anguish of her hour;
Her pains return'd;—she soon forgot
Love, joy, hope, sorrow,—she was not.

Her partner stood, like one bereft
Of all;—not all, their babe was left;
By the dead mother's side it slept,
Slept sweetly;—when it woke, it wept.
"Live, Mary, live, and I will be
Father and mother both to thee!"
The mourner cried, and while he spake,
His breaking heart forbore to break;
Faith, courage, patience, from above,
Flew to the help of fainting love.

While o'er his charge that parent yearn'd,
All woman's tenderness he learn'd,
All woman's waking, sleeping care,
—That sleeps not to her babe,—her prayer,
Of power to bring upon its head,
The richest blessings heaven can shed;
All these he learn'd, and lived to say,
"My strength was given me as my day."

So the Red Indian of those woods,
That echo to Lake Erie's floods,
Reft of his consort in the wild,
Became the mother of his child!
Nature (herself a mother) saw
His grief, and loosed her kindliest law:
Warm from its fount life's stream, propell'd,
His breasts with sweet nutrition swell'd,
At whose strange springs, his infant drew
Milk, as the rose-bud drinks the dew.

Mary from childhood rose to youth,
In paths of innocence and truth;
—Train'd by her parent, from her birth,
To go to heaven by way of earth,
She was to him, in after-life,
Both as a daughter and a wife.

Meekness, simplicity, and grace,
Adorn'd her speech, her air, her face;
The spirit, through its earthly mould,
Broke, as the lily's leaves unfold;
Her beauty open'd on the sight,
As a star trembles into light.

Love found that maiden; love will find
Way to the coyest maiden's mind;
Love found and tried her many a year,
With hope deferr'd, and boding fear;
To the world's end her hero stray'd;
Tempests and calms his bark delay'd;

What then could her heart-sickness soothe?
" The course of true love ne'er ran smooth!"
Her bosom ached with drear suspense,
Till sharper trouble drove it thence:
Affliction smote her father's brain,
And he became a child again.
Ah! then, the prayers, the pangs, the tears,
He breathed, felt, shed on her young years,
That duteous daughter well repaid,
Till in the grave she saw him laid,
Beneath her mother's church-yard stone:
— *There* first she felt herself alone;
But while she gazed on that cold heap,
Her parents' bed, and could not weep,
A still small whisper seem'd to say,
" Strength shall be given thee as thy day:"
Then rush'd the tears to her relief;
A bow was in the cloud of grief.

Her wanderer now, from clime to clime,
Return'd, unchanged by tide or time,
True as the morning to the sun;
—Mary and William soon were one;
And never rang the village bells
With sweeter falls or merrier swells,
Than while the neighbours, young and old,
Stood at their thresholds, to behold,
And bless them, till they reach'd the spot,
Where woodbines girdled Mary's cot,
Where throstles, perch'd on orchard trees,
Sang to the hum of garden bees:
And there — no longer forced to roam —
William found all the world at home;
Yea more than all the world beside,
—A warm, kind heart to his allied.

Twelve years of humble life they spent,
With food and raiment well content;

In flower of youth and flush of health,
They envied not voluptuous wealth;
The wealth of poverty was theirs,
— Those riches without wings or snares,
Which honest hands, by daily toil,
May dig from every generous soil.
A little farm, while William till'd,
Mary her household cares fulfill'd;
And love, joy, peace, with guileless mirth,
Sate round their table, warm'd their hearth;
Whence rose, like incense, to the skies,
Morning and evening sacrifice,
And contrite spirits found, in prayer,
That home was heaven, for God was there.

Meanwhile the May-flowers on their lands
Were yearly pluck'd by younger hands;
New comers watch'd the swallows float,
And mock'd the cuckoo's double note;

Till, head o'er head, in slanting line,
They stood,—a progeny of nine,
That *might* be ten;—but ere that day,
The father's life was snatch'd away:
Faint from the field one night he came;
Fever had seized his sinewy frame,
And left the strong man, when it pass'd,
Frail as the sere leaf in the blast;
A long, long winter's illness, bow'd
His head;—spring-daisies deck'd his shroud.
Oh! 't was a bitter day for all,
The husband's, father's funeral;
The dead, the living, and the unborn
Met there,—were there asunder torn.

Scarce was he buried out of sight,
Ere his tenth infant sprang to light,
And Mary, from her child-bed throes,
To instant, utter ruin rose;

Harvests had fail'd, and sickness drain'd
Her frugal stock-purse, long retain'd;
Rents, debts, and taxes all fell due,
Claimants were loud, resources few,
Small, and remote;—yet time and care
Her shatter'd fortunes might repair,
If but a friend,—a friend in need,—
Such friend would be a friend indeed,—
Would, by a mite of succour lent,
Wrongs irretrievable prevent!
She look'd around for such an one,
And sigh'd, but spake not,—"*Is there none?*"
— Oh! if he come not ere an hour,
All will elapse beyond her power,
And homeless, helpless, hopeless, lost,
Mary on this cold world be tost
With all her babes!

Came such a friend? —I must not say;
Mine is a tale of every day:

But wouldst thou know the worst of all,
The wormwood mingled with the gall,
Go visit thou, in their distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And thou shalt find such woe as this,
Such breaking up of earthly bliss,
Is no strange thing, — but, strange to say!
The tale — the truth — of every day.

Go, visit *thou*, in their distress,
THE WIDOW and THE FATHERLESS.

# A TALE WITHOUT A NAME.

"O woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;
— When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!"

SCOTT's *Marmion*, canto vi.

## PART I.

HE had no friend on earth but thee;
No hope in heaven above;
By day and night, o'er land and sea,
No solace but thy love:
He wander'd here, he wander'd there,
A fugitive like Cain;

And mourn'd like him, in dark despair,
A brother rashly slain.

Rashly, yet not in sudden wrath,
They quarrell'd in their pride,
He sprang upon his brother's path,
And smote him that he died.
A nightmare sat upon his brain,
All stone within he felt;
A death-watch tick'd through every vein,
Till the dire blow was dealt.

As from a dream, in pale surprize,
Waking, the murderer stood;
He met the victim's closing eyes,
He saw his brother's blood:
That blood pursued him on his way,
A living, murmuring stream;
Those eyes before him flash'd dismay,
With ever-dying gleam.

In vain he strove to fly the scene,
And breathe beyond that time;
Tormented memory glared between;
Immortal seem'd his crime:
His thoughts, his words, his actions all
Turn'd on his fallen brother;
That hour he never could recall,
Nor ever live another.

To him the very clouds stood still,
The ground appear'd unchanged;
One light was ever on the hill,
—That hill where'er he ranged:
He heard the brook, the birds, the wind,
Sound in the glen below;
The self-same tree he cower'd behind,
He struck the self-same blow.

Yet was not reason quite o'erthrown,
Nor so benign his lot,

To dwell in frenzied grief alone,
All other woe forgot:
The world within, and world around,
Clash'd in perpetual strife;
Present and past close interwound
Through his whole thread of life.

That thread, inextricably spun,
Might reach eternity;
For ever doing, never done,
That moment's deed might be;
This was a worm that would not die,
A fire unquenchable:
Ah! whither shall the sufferer fly?
Fly from a bosom-hell?

He had no friend on earth but thee,
No hope in heaven above;
By day and night, o'er land and sea,
No refuge but thy love;

Not time nor place, nor crime nor shame,
Could change thy spousal truth;
In desolate old age the same
As in the joy of youth.

Not death, but infamy, to 'scape,
He left his native coast;
To death in any other shape,
He long'd to yield the ghost:
But infamy his steps pursued,
And haunted every place,
While death, though like a lover wooed,
Fled from his loathed embrace.

He wander'd here, he wander'd there,
And she his angel-guide,—
The silent spectre of despair,
With mercy at his side;
Whose love and loveliness alone
Shed comfort round his gloom,

— Pale as the monumental stone
That watches o'er a tomb.

## Part II.

They cross'd the blue Atlantic flood;
A storm their bark assail'd;
Stern through the hurricane he stood,
All hearts, all efforts fail'd:
With horrid hope, he eyed the waves,
That flash'd like wild fires dim;
But ocean, 'midst a thousand graves,
Denied a grave to him.

On shore he sought delirious rest,
In crowds of busy men,
When suddenly the yellow pest
Came reeking from its den:

The city vanish'd at its breath;
He caught the taint, and lay
A suppliant at the gate of death,
— Death spurn'd the wretch away.

In solitude of streams and rocks,
Mountains and forests dread,
Where nature's free and fearless flocks
At her own hand are fed,
They hid their pangs;—but oh! to live
In peace,—in peace to die,—
Was more than solitude could give,
Or earth's whole round supply.

The swampy wilderness their haunt,
Where fiery panthers prowl,
Serpents their fatal splendeurs flaunt,
And wolves and lynxes howl;
Where alligators throng the floods,
And reptiles, venom-arm'd,

Infest the air, the fields, the woods,
They slept, they waked unharm'd.

Where the Red Indians, in their ire,
With havoc mark the way,
Skulk in dark ambush, waste with fire,
Or gorge inhuman prey;
Their blood no wild marauder shed;
Secure without defence,
Alike, were his devoted head,
And her meek innocence.

Weary of loneliness, they turn'd
To Europe's carnage-field;
At glory's Moloch-shrine, he burn'd
His hated breath to yield:
He plunged into the hottest strife;
He dealt the deadliest blows;
To every foe exposed his life;
Powerless were all his foes.

The iron thunder-bolts, with wings
Of lightning, shunn'd his course;
Harmless the hail of battle rings,
The bayonet spends its force;
The sword to smite him flames aloof,
Descends,—but strikes in vain;
His branded front was weapon-proof,
He wore the mark of Cain.

"I cannot live,—I cannot die!"
He mutter'd in despair;
"This curse of immortality,
O, could I quit,—or bear!"
—Of every frantic hope bereft,
To meet a nobler doom,
One refuge,—only one, was left,—
To storm the' unyielding tomb.

Through his own breast the passage lay,
The steel was in his hand;

But fiends upstarting fenced the way,
And every nerve unmann'd:
The heart that ached its blood to spill,
With palsying horror died;
The arm, rebellious to his will,
Hung withering at his side.

O, woman! wonderful in love,
Whose weakness is thy power,
How did thy spirit rise above
The conflict of that hour!
—She found him prostrate;—not a sigh
Escaped her tortured breast,
Nor fell one tear-drop from her eye,
Where torrents were supprest.

Her faithful bosom stay'd his head,
That throbb'd with fever heat;
Her eye serene compassion shed,
Which his could never meet:

Her arms enclasp'd his shuddering frame,
While at his side she kneel'd,
And utter'd nothing but his name,
Yet all her soul reveal'd.

Touch'd to the quick, he gave no sign
By gentle word or tone;
In him affection could not shine,
'T was fire within a stone;
Which no collision by the way
Could startle into light,
Though the poor heart that held it, lay
Wrapt in Cimmerian night.

It was not always thus;—erewhile
The kindness of his youth,
His brow of innocence, and smile
Of unpretending truth,—
Had left such long delight,—that she
Would oft recall the time,

And live in golden memory,
Unconscious of his crime.

Though self-abandon'd now to fate,
The passive prey of grief,
Sullen, and cold, and desolate,
He shunn'd, he spurn'd relief:
Still onward in its even course
Her pure affection press'd,
And pour'd with soft and silent force
Its sweetness through his breast.

Thus Sodom's melancholy lake
No turn or current knows;
Nor breeze, nor billow sounding, break
The horror of repose;
While Jordan, through the sulphurous brine,
Rolls a translucent stream,
Whose waves with answering beaut shine
To every changing beam.

## PART III.

At length the hardest trial came,
Again they cross the seas;
The waves their wilder fury tame,
The storm becomes a breeze:
Homeward their easy course they hold,
And now in radiant view,
The purple forelands, tinged with gold,
Larger and lovelier grew.

The vessel on the tranquil tide
Then seem'd to lie at rest,
While Albion, in maternal pride,
Advanced with open breast
To bid them welcome on the main.
—Both shrunk from her embrace;
Cold grew the pulse through every vein;
He turn'd away his face.

Silent, apart, on deck he stands
In ecstasy of woe;
A brother's blood is on his hands,
He sees, he hears it flow:
Wilder than ocean tempest-wrought,
Though deadly calm his look;
—His partner read his inmost thought,
And strength her limbs forsook.

Then first, then last, a pang she proved
Too exquisite to bear:
She fell,—he caught her,—strangely moved,
Roused from intense despair;
Alive to feelings long unknown,
He wept upon her cheek,
And call'd her in as kind a tone
As love's own lips could speak.

Her spirit heard that voice, and felt
Arrested on its flight;

Back to the mansion where it dwelt,
Back from the gates of light,
That open'd paradise in trance,
It hasten'd from afar,
Quick as the startled seaman's glance
Turns from the polar star.

She breathed again, look'd up, and lo!
Those eyes that knew not tears,
With streams of tenderness o'erflow;
That heart, through hopeless years,
The den of fiends in darkness chain'd,
That would not, dared not rest,
Affection fervent, pure, unfeign'd,
In speechless sighs express'd.

Content to live, since now she knew
What love believed before;
Content to live, since he was true,
And love could ask no more,—

This vow to righteous heaven she made,
—" Whatever ills befall,
Patient, unshrinking, undismay'd,
I' ll freely suffer all."

They land, — they take the wonted road,
By twice ten years estranged;
The trees, the fields, their old abode,
Objects and men had changed:
Familiar faces, forms endear'd,
Each well-remember'd name,
From earth itself had disappear'd,
Or seem'd no more the same.

The old were dead, the young were old;
Children to men had sprung;
And every eye to them was cold,
And silent every tongue:
Friendless, companionless, they roam
Amidst their native scene;

In drearier banishment at home,
Than savage climes had been.

## Part IV.

Yet worse she fear'd;—nor long they lay
In safety or suspense;
Unslumbering justice seized her prey,
And dragg'd the culprit thence:
Amid the dungeon's darken'd walls,
Down on the cold damp floor,
A wreck of misery he falls,
Close to the bolted door.

And she is gone,—while he remains,
Bewilder'd in the gloom,
To brood in solitude and chains
Upon a felon's doom:
Yes, she is gone,—and he forlorn
Must groan the night away,

And long to see her face at morn,
More welcome than the day.

The morning comes,—she re-appears
With grief-dissembling wiles;
A sad serenity of tears,
An agony of smiles,
Her looks assume; his spectral woes
Are vanish'd at the sight;
And all within him seem'd repose,
And all around him light.

Never since that mysterious hour,
When kindred blood was spilt,—
Never had aught in nature power
To soothe corroding guilt,
Till the glad moment when she cross'd
The threshold of that place,
And the wild rapture, when he lost
Himself in her embrace.

Even then, while on her neck he hung,
Ere yet a word they spoke,
As by a fiery serpent stung,
Away at once he broke:
Frenzy, remorse, confusion, burst
In tempest o'er his brain;
He felt accused, condemn'd, accurst,
He was himself again.

Days, weeks, and months, had mark'd the flight
Of time's unwearied wing,
Ere winter's long, lugubrious night
Relented into spring:
To him who pined for death's release,
An age the space between!
To her who could not hope for peace,
How fugitive the scene!

In vain she chid forewarning fears,
In vain repress'd her woe,

Alone, unseen, her sighs and tears
Would freely heave and flow:
Yet ever in his sight, by day,
Her looks were calm and kind,
And when at evening torn away,
She left her soul behind.

Hark! — hark! — the Judge is at the gate,
The trumpets' thrilling tones
Ring through the cells, the voice of fate!
Re-echoed thence in groans:
The sound hath reach'd her ear, — she stands,
In marble-chilness dumb;
He too hath heard, and smites his hands:
"I come," he cried, "I come."

Before the dread tribunal now,
Firm in collected pride,
Without a scowl upon his brow,
Without a pang to hide,

He stood;—superior in that hour
To recreant fear and shame;
Peril itself inspired the power
To meet the worst that came.

'Twas like the tempest when he sought
Fate in the swallowing flood;
'Twas like the battle, when he fought
For death through seas of blood:
—A violence which soon must break
The heart that would not bend,
—A heart that almost ceased to ache
In hope of such an end.

On him, while every eye was fix'd,
And every lip repress'd,
Without a voice, the rage unmix'd,
That boil'd in every breast;
It seem'd, as though that deed abhorr'd,
In years far distant done,

Had cut asunder every cord
Of fellowship but one,—

That *one* indissolubly bound
A feeble woman's heart:
—Faithful in every trial found,
Long had she borne her part;
Now at his helpless side alone,
Girt with infuriate crowds,
Like the new moon her meekness shone,
Pale through a gulf of clouds.

Ah! well might every bosom yearn,
Responsive to her sigh;
And every visage, dark and stern,
Soften beneath that eye:
Ah! well might every lip of gall,
The unutter'd curse suspend;
Its tones for her in blessings fall,
Its breath in prayer ascend.

"Guilty!"—that thunder-striking sound,
All shudder'd when they heard;
A burst of horrid joy around
Hail'd the tremendous word;
Check'd in a moment,—*she* was there!
The instinctive groan was hush'd;
Nature, that forced it, cried, "Forbear;"
Indignant justice blush'd.

## PART V.

One woe is past, another speeds
To brand and seal his doom;
The third day's failing beam recedes,
She watch'd it into gloom:
That night, how swift in its career,
It flew from sun to sun!
That night, the last of many a dear,
And many a dolorous one!—

That night, by special grace she wakes
In the lone convict's cell,
With him for whom the morrow breaks,
To light to heaven or hell:
Dread sounds of preparation rend
The dungeon's ponderous roof;
The hammer's doubling strokes descend,
The scaffold creaks aloof.

She watch'd his features through the shade,
Which glimmering embers broke;
Both from their inmost spirit pray'd;
They pray'd, but seldom spoke:
Moments meanwhile were years to him;
Her grief forgot their flight,
Till on the hearth the fire grew dim;
She turn'd, and lo! the light;—

The light less welcome to her eyes,
The loveliest light of morn,

Than the dark glare of felons' eyes
Through grated cells forlorn:
The cool fresh breeze from heaven that blew,
The free lark's mounting strains,
She felt in drops of icy dew,
She heard, like groans and chains.

"Farewell!" — 't was but a word, yet more
Was utter'd in that sound,
Than love had ever told before,
Or sorrow yet had found:
They kiss like meeting flames, — they part,
Like flames asunder driven;
Lip cleaves to lip, heart beats on heart
Till soul from soul is riven.

Quick hurried thence, — the sullen bell
Its pausing peal began;
She hearkens, — 'tis the dying knell,
Rung for the living man:

The mourner reach'd her lonely bower,
Fell on her widow'd bed,
And found, through one entrancing hour,
The quiet of the dead.

She woke, — and knew he was no more:
" Thy dream of life is past;
That pang with thee, that pang is o'er,
The bitterest and the last!"
She cried: — then scenes of sad amaze
Flash'd on her inward eye;
A field, a troop, a crowd to gaze,
A murderer led to die!

He eyed the ignominious tree,
Look'd round, but saw no friend;
Was plunged into eternity;
— Is this — is this the end?
Her spirit follow'd him afar
Into the world unknown,

And saw him standing at that bar,
Where each must stand alone.

Silence and darkness hide the rest:
—Long she survived to mourn;
But peace sprang up within her breast,
From trouble meekly borne:
And higher, holier joys had she,
A Christian's hopes above,
The prize of suffering constancy,
The crown of faithful love.

# A SNAKE IN THE GRASS.

A TALE FOR CHILDREN: FOUNDED ON FACTS.

---

She had a secret of her own,
That little girl of whom we speak,
O'er which she oft would muse alone,
Till the blush came across her cheek,
A rosy cloud, that glow'd awhile,
Then melted in a sunny smile.

There was so much to charm the eye,
So much to move delightful thought,
Awake at night she loved to lie,
Darkness to her that image brought;
She murmur'd of it in her dreams,
Like the low sounds of gurgling streams.

What secret thus the soul possess'd
Of one so young and innocent?
Oh! nothing but a robin's nest,
O'er which in ecstasy she bent;
That treasure she herself had found,
With five brown eggs, upon the ground.

When first it flash'd upon her sight,
Bolt flew the dam above her head;
She stoop'd, and almost shriek'd with fright;
But spying soon that little bed
With feathers, moss, and horse-hairs twined,
Rapture and wonder fill'd her mind.

Breathless and beautiful she stood,
Her ringlets o'er her bosom fell;
With hands uplift, in attitude,
As though a pulse might break the spell,
While through the shade her pale, fine face
Shone like a star amidst the place.

She stood so silent, stay'd so long,
The parent-birds forgot their fear;
Cock-robin trill'd his small, sweet song,
In notes like dew-drops trembling, clear,
From spray to spray the shyer hen
Dropt softly on her nest again.

There Lucy mark'd her slender bill
On this side, and on that her tail,
Peer'd o'er the edge,—while, fix'd and still,
Two bright black eyes her own assail,
Which, in eye-language, seem to say,
"Peep, pretty maiden! then, away!"

Away, away at length she crept,
So pleased, she knew not how she trode,
Yet light on tottering tip-toe stept,
As if birds' eggs strew'd all the road;
With folded arms, and lips compress'd,
To keep her joy within her breast.

Morn, noon, and eve, from day to day,
By stealth she visited that spot:
Alike her lessons and her play
Were slightly conn'd, or half forgot;
And when the callow young were hatch'd,
With infant fondness Lucy watch'd:—

Watch'd the kind parents dealing food
To clamorous suppliants all agape;
Watch'd the small, naked, unform'd brood
Improve in size, and plume, and shape,
Till feathers clad the fluttering things,
And the whole group seem'd bills and wings.

Unconsciously within her breast,
Where many a brooding fancy lay,
She plann'd to bear the tiny nest,
And chirping choristers away,
In stately cage to tune their throats,
And learn untaught their mother-notes.

One morn, when fairly fledged for flight,
Blithe Lucy, on her visit, found
What seem'd a necklace, glittering bright,
Twined round the nest, twined round and round,
With emeralds, pearls, and sapphires set,
Rich as my lady's coronet.

She stretch'd her hand to seize the prize,
When up a serpent pept its head,
But glid like wild-fire from her eyes,
Hissing and rustling as it fled;
She utter'd one short shrilling scream,
Then stood, as startled from a dream.

Her brother Tom who long had known
That something drew her feet that way,
Curious to catch her there alone,
Had follow'd her that fine May-day;
—Lucy, bewilder'd by her trance,
Came to herself at his first glance.

Then in her eyes sprang welcome tears;
They fell as showers in April fall;
He kiss'd her, coax'd her, soothed her fears,
Till she in frankness told him all:
— Tom was a bold, adventurous boy,
And heard the dreadful tale with joy.

For he had learnt, — in some far land, —
How children catch the sleeping snake;
Eager himself to try his hand,
He cut a hazel from the brake,
And like a hero set to work,
To make a lithe, long-handled fork.

Brother and sister then withdrew,
Leaving the nestlings safely there;
Between their heads the mother flew,
Prompt to resume her nursery care:
But Tom, whose breast for glory burn'd,
In less than half an hour return'd.

With him came Ned, as cool and sly
As Tom was resolute and stout;
So, fair and softly, they drew nigh,
Cowering and keeping sharp look-out,
Till they had reach'd the copse,—to see,
But not alarm the enemy.

Guess, with what transport they descried,
How, as before, the serpent lay
Coil'd round the nest, in slumbering pride;—
The urchins chuckled o'er their prey,
And Tom's right hand was lifted soon,
Like Greenland whaler's with harpoon.

Across its neck the fork he brought,
And pinn'd it fast upon the ground;
The reptile woke, and quick as thought
Curl'd round the stick, curl'd round and round;
While, head and tail, Ned's nimble hands
Tied at each end, with pack-thread bands.

Scarce was the enemy secured,
When Lucy timidly drew near,
But by their shouting well assured,
Eyed the green captive void of fear;
The lads, stark wild with victory, flung
Their caps aloft,—they danced, they sung.

But Lucy, with an anxious look,
Turn'd to her own dear nest, when lo!
To legs and wings the young ones took,
Hopping and tumbling to and fro;
The parents chattering from above
With all the earnestness of love.

Alighting now among their train,
They peck'd them on new feats to try:
But many a lesson seem'd in vain,
Before the giddy things would fly;
Lucy both laugh'd and cried, to see
How ill they play'd at liberty.

I need not tell the snake's sad doom,
You may be sure he lived not long;
Cork'd in a bottle for a tomb,
Preserv'd in spirits and in song,
His skin in Tom's museum shines,
You read his story in these lines.

# UGOLINO AND RUGGIERI.

[From DANTE's *Inferno*, cantos xxxii. and xxxiii.]

THE sufferings of Ugolino on earth, and his cannibal revenge in hell, on his betrayer and murderer, Ruggieri, are better known in this country than any other part of the Divina Commedia, having been often translated, and several times made the subject of painting, especially in the rival pictures of Reynolds and Fuseli. One version more may be tolerated, and it will probably be long before it can be said that yet another is not wanted, to give the English reader an adequate idea of the poet's power in the delineation,—not so much of the supernatural horrors of his infernal caverns, as of a real earthly scene (like the death by starvation in the dungeon of a father and his four innocent children), "so simply, so severely great," that of the narrative, in his own Italian, it may be said,

"The force of nature could no further go."

Ugolino, Count of Gherardesca, having united with the Archbishop Ruggieri degli Ubaldini to expel his own nephew, Nino Giudice di Gallura, from the sovereignty of Pisa, seized it for himself. But the Archbishop soon turned against him, and being supported by Lanfranchi, Sismondi, and Gualandi, three of the principal inhabitants, they raised a tumult in the city, during which Ugolino was dragged from his palace, and with his two sons, and their two sons (he calls all four his

children in the story), imprisoned in a tower on the Piazza degli Anziani, for several months, at the expiration of which the portals were all locked and the keys thrown into the river Arno; the miserable captives being thus left to perish with hunger, whence the hold itself obtained the name of "*Famine.*" With great skill, to produce the most pathetic impression, as well as with consummate knowledge of human nature, Dante makes Ugolino dwell wholly on the treachery and cruelty exercised towards himself, without any allusion to his own atrocious injustice towards his nephew, for which he is doomed to the second round of the ninth or lowest gulf of hell, with no mitigation of the pains of eternal hunger, except the ravenous feast, like that of the eagle on the liver of Prometheus, upon the never-satisfying and never-wasting brain of the traitor Ruggieri.

Dante (accompanied by Virgil, his conductor,) finds in this department of "the doleful city," the victims tormented variously, according to their crimes,

"In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;"

and, among others, the two personages aforenamed.

---

SCARCE had we parted thence, when I beheld
Two in one well of ice, so grouped together
The head of one to the other seem'd the cowl,
While, like a hungry man devouring bread,

The uppermost had fasten'd with his teeth
Upon the lower, where skull and neck are join'd;
Nor more voraciously did Tydeus tear
The front of Menalippus in his rage*,
Than on that head and brain the' assailant prey'd.

"O thou!" I cried, "who show'st by such brute token
Hatred to him whom thou devourest, say,
Why dost thou so?—I ask on this condition,
That knowing who thou art, and what his crime,
If thou have cause of wrong against thy victim,
I yet may right thee in the upper world,
Should *that* with which I speak be not dried up."

*Canto* xxxii.

The sinner paused amidst his dire repast,
And wiped his mouth upon the hairy scalp

* Statius, *Theb.* l. vii.

Of him whose head he raven'd on behind,
Then answer'd:—

"Thou wouldst have me to renew
Horrible pangs, of which the very thought
So wrings my heart I scarce find power for utterance:
Yet if my words prove seed, of which the traitor,
Whom thus I gnaw, may reap the' accursed fruit,
Thou shalt behold me weep and speak at once.

"I know not who thou art, nor by what means
Thou hast come hither, but a Florentine,
By speech, I deem thee.—Know me, then,
Count Ugolino,—this, the' Archbishop Ruggier,
And why I 'm such a neighbour thou shalt hear.
—I need not say how, by his foul devices,
Reposing on his faith, I was ensnared,
And murder'd:—but, what cannot have been told thee,
How cruel was that murder, thou shalt know;
Then judge if he have injured me or not.

F 3
54063

"When the small casement of that dungoen cage,
Which hath from me the name of 'Famine,'—where
Others may yet be left like me to perish,—
Through its dim aperture, had more than once
Shown the new moon, an evil sleep fell on me,
Which from the future rent the veil.
—Methought
This wretch, as lord and master of the field,
Hunted a he-wolf and his whelps along
The mountain which from Pisa shadows Lucca.
With meagre, staunch, and noble-blooded hounds,
Gualandi, and Sismondi, and Lanfranchi
Swept on before him.—After a short chase,
Parent and young fell, fainting from fatigue,
And with keen fangs I saw them torn to pieces.

"When I awoke at day-break,—in their sleep,
I heard my children moan, and ask for bread

(For they were with me);—cruel is thine heart
If it grieves not for what mine then foreboded,
And if thou weep'st not now, what wilt thou weep for?
—Ere long they woke; the hour drew nigh when food
Was wont to be brought to us; but in each
Secret misgivings from his dream arose;
And of the horrible tower, I heard the portal
Lock'd underneath our cell. Thereat I look'd
Full on my children, but spake not a word,
Nor wept, so petrified I felt within.
*They* wept, and little Anselm said to me,
'You look so, father! Ah! what mean those looks?'
Still I wept not, nor answer'd all that day,
Nor the next night.
At sun-rise on the morrow,
When a faint ray gleam'd through our doleful prison,

And in four haggard faces show'd me mine,
I worried both my hands with agony:
They, thinking that I did so in the rage
Of hunger, all together rose and cried,
'Father! 't will hurt us less if you will feed
On us; you clothed these limbs with suffering flesh,
Now strip them!'
Then I quieted myself,
Not to make them more wretched. — All that day,
And all the next, we sat, and held our peace;
Ah! earth, hard earth! why didst thou not then
open?

"When we had linger'd on till the fourth day
My Gaddo threw himself down at my feet,
Crying, 'My father! why do you not help me?'
Then died. — As plainly as thou seest mé now,
I saw the other three fall, one by one,
Between the fifth day and the sixth. Then blind

I groped about to feel and clasp their bodies;
Three days I call'd them by their names, though
dead,
Then famine did for me what grief could not."

*Canto* xxxiii.

A

# POET'S PORTFOLIO.

## BOOK II.

## MISCELLANIES.

# A VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD.

---

EMBLEM of eternity,
Unbeginning, endless sea!
Let me launch my soul on thee.

Sail, nor keel, nor helm, nor oar,
Need I, ask I, to explore
Thine expanse from shore to shore.

By a single glance of thought,
Thy whole realm's before me brought,
Like the universe, from nought.

All thine aspects now I view,
Ever old, yet ever new,
—Time nor tide thy power subdue.

All thy voices now I hear;
Sounds of gladness, grandeur, fear,
Meet and mingle in mine ear.

All thy wonders are reveal'd,
Treasures hidden in thy field,
From the birth of nature seal'd.

But thy depths I search not now,
Nor thy liquid surface plow
With a billow-breaking prow.

Eager fancy, unconfined,
In a voyage of the mind,
Sweeps along thee like the wind.

Here a breeze, I skim thy plain,
There a tempest, pour amain
Thunder, lightning, hail, and rain.

Where the surges never roll
Round the undiscover'd pole,
Thence set out, my venturous soul!

See o'er Greenland, cold and wild,
Rocks of ice eternal piled,
—Yet the mother loves her child,—

And the wildernesses drear
To the native's heart are dear;
All love's charities dwell here.

Next on lonely Labrador,
Let me hear the snow-storms roar,
Blinding, burying all before.

Yet even here, in glens and coves,
Man the heir of all things roves,
Feasts and fights, and laughs and loves.

But a brighter vision breaks
O'er Canadian woods and lakes;
—These my spirit soon forsakes.

Land of exiled liberty,
Where our fathers once were free,
Brave New-England! hail to thee!

Pennsylvania, while thy flood
Waters fields unbought with blood,
Stand for peace, as thou hast stood.

The West-Indies I behold,
Like the' Hesperides of old,
—Trees of life with fruits of gold.

No, — a curse is on their soil,
Bonds and scourges, tears and toil
Man degrade, and earth despoil.

Horror-struck I turn away,
Coasting down the Mexique bay,
— Slavery there hath had her day.

Hark! eight hundred thousand tongues
Startle midnight with strange songs;
— England ends her negroes' wrongs.

Loud the voice of freedom spoke,
Every accent split a yoke,
Every word a fetter broke.

South America expands
Forest-mountains, river-lands,
And a nobler race demands.

And a nobler race arise,
Stretch their limbs, unclose their eyes,
Claim the earth, and seek the skies.

Gliding through Magellan's Straits,
Where two oceans ope their gates,
What a glorious scene awaits!

The immense Pacific smiles,
Round ten thousand little isles,
— Haunts of violence and wiles.

But the powers of darkness yield,
For the Cross is in the field,
And the light of life reveal'd.

Rays from rock to rock it darts,
Conquers adamantine hearts,
And immortal bliss imparts.

North and west, receding far
From the evening's downward star,
Now I mount Aurora's car;—

Pale Siberia's deserts shun,
From Kamschatka's storm-cliffs run,
South and east, to meet the sun.

Jealous China, dire Japan,
With bewilder'd eyes I scan,
—They are but dead seas of man.

Ages in succession find
Forms that change not, stagnant mind,
And they leave the same behind.

Lo! the eastern Cyclades,
Phœnix-nests and sky-blue seas,
—But I tarry not with these.

Pass we drear New Holland's shoals
Where no ample river rolls,
— World of unawaken'd souls!

Bring them forth;—'t is Heaven's decree
Man, assert thy liberty;
Let not brutes look down on thee.

Either India next is seen,
With the Ganges stretch'd between;
—Ah! what horrors here have been.

War, disguised as commerce, came;
Britain, carrying sword and flame,
Won an empire,—lost her name.

But that name shall be restored,
Law and justice wield the sword,
And her God be here adored.

By the Gulf of Persia sail,
Where the true-love nightingale
Wooes the rose in every vale.

Though Arabia charge the breeze
With the incense of her trees,
On I press through southern seas.

Cape of storms, thy spectre fled,
See, the angel Hope, instead,
Lights from heaven upon thine head;—

And where Table-mountain stands,
Barbarous hordes from desert-sands,
Bless the sight with lifted hands.

St. Helena's dungeon-keep
Scowls defiance o'er the deep;
There a warrior's relics sleep.

Who he was, and how he fell,
Europe, Asia, Afric tell:
— On that theme all time shall dwell.

But henceforth, till nature dies,
These three simple words comprise
All the future: " Here he lies."

Mammon's plague-ships throng the waves;
— O 't were mercy to the slaves,
Were the maws of sharks their graves!

Not for all the gems and gold,
Which thy streams and mountains hold,
Or for which thy sons are sold, —

Land of negroes! would I dare
In this felon-trade to share,
Or to brand its guilt forbear.

Hercules! thy pillars stand,
Sentinels of sea and land;
Cloud-capt Atlas towers at hand.

Where, when Cato's word was fate,
Fell the Carthaginian state,
And where exiled Marius sate,—

Mark the dens of caitiff Moors;
Ha! the pirates seize their oars,
—Haste we from the' accursed shores.

Egypt's hieroglyphic realm
Other floods than Nile's o'erwhelm,
—Slaves turn'd despots hold the helm.

Judah's cities are forlorn,
Lebanon and Carmel shorn,
Zion trampled down with scorn.

Greece, thine ancient lamp is spent;
Thou art thine own monument;
But the sepulchre is rent,—

And a wind is on the wing,
At whose breath new heroes spring,
Sages teach, and poets sing.

Italy, thy beauties shroud
In a gorgeous evening cloud;
Thy refulgent head is bow'd.

Rome, in ruins lovely still,
On her capitolian hill,
Bids thee, mourner, weep thy fill.

Yet where Roman genius reigns,
Roman blood must warm the veins;
—Look well, tyrants, to your chain

Splendid realm of old romance,
Spain, thy tower-crown'd crest advance,
Grasp the shield, and couch the lance.

At the fire-flash of thine eye,
Giant bigotry would fly,
At thy voice oppression die.

Lusitania, from the dust,
Shake thy locks,—thy cause is just,
Strike for freedom,—strike and trust.

France, I hurry from thy shore,
Thou art not the France of yore,
Thou art new-born France no more.

Great thou wast; and who like thee?
Then mad-drunk with liberty;
What *now?*—neither great, nor free.

Sweep by Holland like the blast,
One quick glance on Denmark cast,
Sweden, Russia,—all are past.

Elbe nor Weser tempt my stay;
Germany, beware the day,
When thy schools again bear sway.

Now to thee, to thee, I fly,
Fairest isle, beneath the sky,
To my heart, as in mine eye.

I have seen them, one by one,
Every shore beneath the sun,
And my voyage now is done.

While I bid them all be blest,
Britain is my home, my rest;
—Mine own land! I love thee best.

# BIRDS.

### THE SWALLOW.

Swallow, why homeward turn'd thy joyful wing?
—In a far land I heard the voice of spring;
I found myself that moment on the way;
My wings, my wings, they had not power to stay.

### SKYLARKS.

What hand lets fly the skylark from his rest?
—That which detains his mate upon the nest;
Love sends *him* soaring to the fields above;
*She* broods below, all bound with cords of love.

### THE CUCKOO.

Why art thou always welcome, lonely bird?
—The heart grows young again when I am heard;
Nor in my double note the magic lies,
But in the fields, the woods, the streams and skies.

### THE RED-BREAST.

Familiar warbler, wherefore art thou come?
—To sing to thee, when all beside are dumb;
Pray let thy little children drop a crumb.

### THE SPARROW.

Sparrow, the gun is levell'd, quit that wall.
—Without the will of heaven I cannot fall.

### THE RING-DOVE.

Art thou the bird that saw the waters cease?
—Yes, and brought home the olive-leaf of peace;

Henceforth I haunt the woods of thickest green,
Pleased to be often heard, but seldom seen.

### THE NIGHTINGALE.

Minstrel, what makes thy song so sad, so sweet?
—Love, love;—there agony and rapture meet;
O 't is the dream of happiness, to feign
Sorrow in joy, and wring delight from pain!

### THE WATER-WAGTAIL.

What art thou made of,—air, or light, or dew?
—I have no time to tell you, if I knew;
My tail,—ask that,—perhaps may solve the matter;
I 've miss'd three flies already by this chatter.

### THE WREN.

Wren, canst thou squeeze into a hole so small?
—Ay, with nine nestlings too, and room for all;
Go, compass sea and land in search of bliss,
Then tell me if you find a happier home than this.

### THE THRUSH.

Thrush, thrush, have mercy on thy little bill.
— "I play to please myself, albeit ill *;"
And yet, but how it comes I cannot tell,
My singing pleases all the world as well.

### THE BLACKBIRD.

Well done! — they 're noble notes, distinct and strong;
Yet more variety might mend the song.
— Is there another bird that chants like me?
My pipe gives all the grove variety.

### THE BULLFINCH.

Bully, what fairy warbles in thy throat?
— Oh! for the freedom of my own wild note!

* Spenser's Shepheard's Calendar. June.

Art has enthrall'd my voice; I strive in vain
To break the "linked sweetness" of my chain;
Love, joy, rage, grief, ring one melodious strain.

### THE GOLDFINCH.

Live with me, love me, pretty goldfinch, do!
—Ay, pretty maid, and be a slave to you;
Wear chains, fire squibs, draw water, — nay, not I,
While I've a bill to peck, or wing to fly.

### THE STONE-CHAT.

Why art thou ever flitting to and fro?
— Plunge through these whins, their thorns will let thee know.
There are five secrets brooding here in night,
Which my good mate will duly bring to light;
Meanwhile she sees the ants around her throng,
And hears the grashopper chirp all day long.

### THE GREY LINNET.

Linnet, canst thou not change that humble coat?
Linnet, canst thou not mellow that sharp note?
— If rude my song, and mean my garb appear,
Have you, sir, eyes to see, or ears to hear?

### THE RED LINNET.

Sweet is thy warble, beautiful thy plume!
— Catch me and cage me, then behold my doom;
My throat will fail, my colour wane away,
And the *red* linnet soon become *a grey*.*

### THE CHAFFINCH.

Stand still a moment!
— Spare your idle words,
I 'm the perpetual mobile of birds;
My days are running, rippling, twittering streams,
When fast asleep I 'm all afloat in dreams.

* Some naturalists say that this actually happens.

### THE CANARY.

Dost thou not languish for thy father-land,
Madeira's fragrant woods and billowy strand?
—My cage is father-land enough for me;
Your parlour all the world,—heaven, earth, and sea.

### THE TOMTIT.

Least, nimblest, merriest bird of Albion's isle,
I cannot look on thee without a smile.
—I envy thee the sight, for all my glee
Could never yet extort a smile from me;
Think what a tiresome thing my life must be.

### THE SWIFT.

Why ever on the wing, or perch'd elate?
—Because I fell not from my first estate;
This is my charter for the boundless skies,
"Stoop not to earth, on pain no more to rise."

### THE KING-FISHER.

Why dost thou hide thy beauty from the sun?
—The eye of man, but not of Heaven, I shun;
Beneath the mossy bank, with alders crown'd,
I build and brood where running waters sound;
There, there the halcyon peace may still be found.

### THE WOODLARK.

Thy notes are silenced, and thy plumage mew'd;
Say, drooping minstrel, both shall be renew'd.
—Voice will return,—I cannot choose but sing;
Yet liberty alone can plume my wing;
Oh! give me that!—I will not, cannot fly
Within a cage less ample than the sky;
Then shalt thou hear, as if an angel sung,
Unseen in air, heaven's music from my tongue:
Oh! give me that!—I cannot rest at ease
On meaner perches than the forest-trees;

There, in thy walk, while evening shadows roll,
My song shall melt into thine inmost soul;
But, till thou let thy captive bird depart,
The sweetness of my strain shall wring thy heart.

### THE COCK.

Who taught thee, chanticleer, to count the clock?
—Nay, who taught man that lesson but the cock?
Long before wheels and bells had learn'd to chime,
I told the steps unseen, unheard, of time.

### THE JACK-DAW.

Canst thou remember that unlucky day,
When all thy peacock-plumes were pluck'd away?
—Remember it?—believe me, that I can,
With right good cause, for I was *then* a man!
And for my folly, by a wise old law,
Stript, whipt, tarr'd, feather'd, turn'd into a daw:
—Pray, how d' ye like my answer? Caw, caw, caw!

### THE BAT.

What shall I call thee, — bird, or beast, or neither?
— Just what you will; I 'm rather both than either.
'Much like the season when I whirl my flight.
The dusk of evening, — neither day nor night.

### THE OWL.

Blue-eyed, strange-voiced, sharp-beak'd, ill omen'd fowl,
What art thou?
— What I ought to be, an owl;
But if I 'm such a scarecrow in your eye,
You 're a much greater fright in mine; — good-bye!

### ROOKS.

What means that riot in your citadel?
Be honest, peaceable, like brethren dwell.
— How, while we live so near to man, can life
Be any thing but knavery, noise, and strife?

### THE JAY.

Thou hast a crested poll, a scutcheon'd wing,
Fit for a herald of the eagle-king,
But such a voice! I would that thou couldst sing!
—My bill has tougher work,—to scream for fright,
And then, when screaming will not do, to bite.

### THE PEACOCK.

Peacock! of idle beauty, why so vain?
—And art *thou* humble, who hast no proud train?
It is not vanity, but nature's part
To show, by me, the cunning of *her* art.

### THE SWAN.

Sing me, fair swan, that song which poets dream?
—Stand thou an hundred years beside this stream,
Then may'st thou hear, perchance, my latest breath,
"Create a soul beneath the ribs of death."*

* Milton's Comus.

### THE PHEASANT.

Pheasant, forsake the country, come to town;
I 'll warrant thee a place beneath the crown.
—No; not to roost upon the throne, would I
Renounce the woods, the mountains, and the sky.

### THE RAVEN.

Thin is thy plumage, death is in thy croak;
Raven, come down from that majestic oak.
—When I was hatch'd, my father set this tree,
An acorn then: its fall I hope to see,
A century after thou hast ceased to be.

### THE PARROT.

Camest thou from India, popinjay, —and why?
—To make thy children open ear and eye,
Gaze on my feathers, wonder at my talk,
And think 't is almost time for Poll to walk.

### THE MAGPIE.

Magpie, thou too hast learn'd by rote to speak
Words without meaning, through thy uncouth beak.
—Words have I learn'd? and without meaning too?
No wonder, sir, for I was taught by you.

### THE CORN-CRAKE.

Art thou a sound, and nothing but a sound?
—Go round the field, and round the field, and round,
You 'll find my voice for ever changing ground;
And while your ear pursues my creaking cry,
You look as if you heard it with your eye.

### THE STORK.

Stork, why were human virtues given to thee?
—That human beings might resemble me;
Kind to my offspring, to my partner true,
And duteous to my parents,—what are you?

### THE WOODPECKER.

Rap, rap, rap, rap, I hear thy knocking bill,
Then thy strange outcry, when the woods are still.
— Thus am I ever labouring for my bread,
And thus give thanks to find my table spread.

### THE HAWK.

A life at every meal, rapacious hawk!
Spare helpless innocence!
—Troth, pleasant talk!
Yon swallow snaps more lives up in a day
Than in a twelvemonth I could take away.
But hark, most gentle censor, in your ear,
A word, a whisper, — you — are you quite clear?
Creation's groans, through ocean, earth, and sky,
Ascend from all that walk, or swim, or fly.

### VULTURES.

Abominable harpies, spare the dead.
—We only clear the field which man has spread;
On which should Heaven its hottest vengeance
rain?
You slay the living, we but strip the slain.

### THE HUMMING BIRD.

Art thou a bird, or bee, or butterfly?
—Each and all three.—A bird in shape am I,
A bee collecting sweets from bloom to bloom,
A butterfly in brilliancy of plume.

### THE EAGLE.

Art thou the king of birds, proud eagle, say?
—I am; my talons and my beak bear sway;
A greater king than I, if thou wouldst be,
Govern thy tongue, but let thy thoughts be free.

### THE PELICAN.

Bird of the wilderness, what is thy name?
—The pelican!—go, take the trump of fame,
And if thou give the honour due to me,
The world may talk a little more of thee.

### THE HERON.

Stock-still upon that stone, from day to day,
I see thee watch the river for thy prey.
—Yes, I 'm the tyrant here; but when I rise,
The well-train'd falcon braves me in the skies;
Then comes the tug of war, of strength and skill,
He dies, impaled on my updarted bill,
Or, powerless in his grasp, my doom I meet,
Dropt as a trophy at his master's feet.

### THE BIRD OF PARADISE.

The bird of paradise!
—That name I bear,
Though I am nothing but a bird of air:

Thou art a child of earth, and yet to thee,
Lost and recover'd, paradise is free:
Oh! that such glory were reserved for me!

## THE OSTRICH.

Hast thou expell'd the mother from thy breast,
And to the desert's mercies left thy nest?
—Ah! no, the mother in me knows her part;
Yon glorious sun is warmer than *my* heart;
And when to light he brings my hungry brood,
He spreads for them the wilderness with food.

# TIME:

## A RHAPSODY.

---

"Sed fugit, interea, fugit irreparabile tempus."
VIRG. *Georg.* iii. 284.

---

'Tis a mistake: time flies not,
He only hovers on the wing:
Once born, the moment dies not,
'Tis an immortal thing;
While all is change beneath the sky,
Fix'd like the sun as learned sages prove,
Though from our moving world he seems to move,
'Tis time stands still, and we that fly.

There is no past; from nature's birth,
Days, months, years, ages, till the end
Of these revolving heavens and earth,
All to one centre tend;
And, having reach'd it late or soon,
Converge, as in a lens, the rays,
Caught from the fountain-light of noon,
Blend in a point that blinds the gaze:
—What has been is, what is shall last;
The present is the *focus* of the past;
The future, perishing as it arrives,
Becomes the present, and itself survives.

Time is not *progress*, but *amount;*
One vast accumulating store,
Laid up, not lost; — we do not count
Years *gone* but *added* to the score
Of wealth untold, to clime nor class confined,
Riches to generations lent,
For ever spending, never spent,
The august inheritance of all mankind.

Of this, from Adam to his latest heir,
All in due turn their portion share,
Which, as they husband or abuse,
Their souls they win or lose.

Though history, on her faded scrolls,
Fragments of facts, and wrecks of names enrols,
Time's indefatigable fingers write
Men's meanest actions on their souls,
In lines which not himself can blot:
  These the last day shall bring to light,
Though through long centuries forgot,
  When hearts and sepulchres are bared to sight.

Then, having fill'd his measure up,
Amidst his own assembled progeny,
(All that have been, that are, or yet may be,)
Before the great white throne,
To Him who sits thereon,

Time shall present the' amalgamating cup,
In which, as in a crucible,
He hid the moments as they fell,
More precious than Golconda's gems,
Or stars in angels' diadems,
Though to our eyes they seem'd to pass
Like sands through his symbolic glass:
But now, the process done,
Of millions multiplied by millions, none
Shall there be wanting, — though by change
Ineffable and strange,
All shall appear at once, all shall appear as one.

Ah! then shall each of Adam's race,
In that concenter'd instant, trace,
Upon the tablet of his mind,
His whole existence in a thought combined,
Thenceforth to part no more, but be
Impictured on his memory;

— As in the image-chamber of the eye,
Seen at a glance, in clear perspective, lie
Myriads of forms of ocean, earth, and sky.

Then shall be shown, that but in name
Time and eternity were both the same;
A point which life nor death could sever,
A moment standing still for ever.

## TO A FRIEND,

WITH THE FOREGOING LUCUBRATION.

---

May she for whom these lines are penn'd,
By using well, make time her friend;
Then, whether he stands still or flies,
Whether the moment lives or dies,
She need not care, — for time will be
Her friend to all eternity.

## A LUCID INTERVAL.

---

Oh ! light is pleasant to the eye,
And health comes rustling on the gale;
Clouds are careering through the sky,
Whose shadows mock them down the dale;
Nature as fresh and fragrant seems
As I have met her in my dreams.

For I have been a prisoner long
In gloom and loneliness of mind;
Deaf to the melody of song,
To every form of beauty blind;
Nor morning dew, nor evening balm,
Might cool my cheek, my bosom calm.

But now the blood, the blood returns
With rapturous pulses through my veins;
My heart from out its ashes burns;
My limbs break loose, they cast their chains;
New kindled at the sun, my sight
Tracks to a point the eagle's flight.

I long to climb those old grey rocks,
Glide with yon river to the deep,
Range the green hills with herds and flocks,
Free as the roebuck run and leap;
Or mount the lark's victorious wing,
And from the depth of ether sing.

O earth! in maiden innocence,
Too early fled thy golden time;
O earth! earth! earth! for man's offence,
Doom'd to dishonour in thy prime;
Of how much glory then bereft!
Yet what a world of bliss is left!

The thorn, harsh emblem of the curse,
Puts forth a paradise of flowers;
Labour, man's punishment, is nurse
To home-born joy at sunset hour;
Plague, earthquake, famine, want, disease,
Give birth to holiest charities.

And death himself, with all the woes,
That hasten, yet prolong his stroke,
Death brings with every pang repose,
With every sigh he solves a yoke;
Yea his cold sweats and moaning strife
Wring out the bitterness of life.

Life, life with all its burdens dear!
Friendship is sweet, love sweeter still;
Who would forego a smile, a tear,
One generous hope, one chastening ill?
Home, kindred, country,—these are ties
Might keep an angel from the skies.

But these have angels never known;
Unvex'd felicity their lot;
The sea of glass before the throne,
Storm, lightning, shipwreck, visit not;
Our tides, beneath the changing moon,
Are soon appeased, are troubled soon.

Well, I would bear what all have borne,
Live my few years, and fill my place;
O'er old and young affections mourn,
Rent one by one from my embrace,
Till suffering ends, and I have done
With every thing beneath the sun.

Whence came I?—Memory cannot say?
What am I?—Knowledge will not show;
Bound whither?—Ah! away, away,
Far as eternity can go:—
Thy love to win, thy wrath to flee,
O God! thyself my teacher be.

## WORMS AND FLOWERS.

---

You 're spinning for my lady, worm!
Silk garments for the fair;
You 're spinning rainbows for a form
More beautiful than air,
When air is bright with sun-beams,
And morning mists arise
From woody vales and mountain streams,
To blue autumnal skies.

You 're springing for my lady, flower!
You 're training for my love,

The glory of her summer-bower,
While skylarks soar above:
Go, twine her locks with rose-buds,
Or breathe upon her breast,
While zephyrs curl the water-floods,
And rock the halcyon's nest.

But oh! there is another worm
Ere long will visit her,
And revel on her lovely form,
In the dark sepulchre:
Yet from that sepulchre shall spring
A flower as sweet as this;
Hard by the nightingale shall sing,
Soft winds its petals kiss.

Frail emblems of frail beauty, ye!
In beauty who would trust?
Since all that charms the eye must be
Consign'd to worms and dust:

Yet like the flower that decks her tomb,
Her spirit shall quit the sod,
To shine in amaranthine bloom,
Fast by the throne of God.

## THE RECLUSE.

A FOUNTAIN issuing into light,
Before a marble palace, threw
To heaven its column, pure and bright,
Returning thence in showers of dew;
But soon a humbler course it took,
And glid away a nameless brook.

Flowers on its grassy margin sprang,
Flies o'er its eddying surface play'd,
Birds midst the alder-branches sang,
Flocks through the verdant meadows stray'd;
The weary there lay down to rest,
And there the halcyon built her nest.

'T was beautiful, to stand and watch
The fountain's crystal turn to gems,
And from the sky such colours catch,
As if 't were raining diadems;
Yet all was cold and curious art,
That charm'd the eye, but miss'd the heart.

Dearer to me the little stream,
Whose unimprison'd waters run,
Wild as the changes of a dream,
By rock and glen, through shade and sun;
Its lovely links had power to bind
In welcome chains my wandering mind.

So thought I, when I saw the face,
By happy portraiture reveal'd,
Of one, adorn'd with every grace,
—Her name and date from me conceal'd,
But not her story;—she had been
The pride of many a splendid scene.

She cast her glory round a court,
And frolick'd in the gayest ring,
Where fashion's high-born minions sport,
Like sparkling fire-flies on the wing;
But thence, when love had touch'd her soul,
To nature and to truth she stole.

From din, and pageantry, and strife,
Midst woods and mountains, vales and plains,
She treads the paths of lowly life,
Yet in a bosom-circle reigns,
No fountain scattering diamond showers,
But the sweet streamlet watering flowers.

## THE RETREAT:

A pleasure-house in the grounds of a gentleman (R. C. B.) in Lincolnshire, in which the writer found a copy of verses on his arrival at R., whither he had been invited, after a severe illness, in the autumn of 1815.

---

A STRANGER sat down in the lonely retreat;—
Though kindness had welcomed him there,
Yet weary with travel, and fainting with heat,
His bosom was sadden'd with care:
That sinking of spirit *they* only can know,
Whose joys are all chasten'd with fears;
Whose waters of comfort, though deeply they flow,
Still wind through the valley of tears.

What ails thee, O stranger! but open thine eye,
A paradise bursts on thy view;

The sun in full glory is marching on high
Through cloudless and infinite blue:
The woods, in their wildest luxuriance display'd,
Are stretching their coverts of green,
While bright from the depth of their innermost shade,
Yon mirror of waters is seen.

There richly reflected, the mansion, the lawn,
The banks and the foliage appear,
By nature's own pencil enchantingly drawn,
—A landscape enshrined in a sphere;
While the fish in their element sport to and fro,
Quick glancing or gliding at ease,
The birds seem to fly in a concave below,
Through a vista of down-growing trees

The current, unrippled by volatile airs,
Now glitters, now darkens along,

And yonder o'erflowing, incessantly bears
Symphonious accordance to song:
— The song of the ring-dove enamour'd, that floats
Like soft melting murmurs of grief;
— The song of the red-breast, in ominous notes,
Foretelling the fall of the leaf:

— The song of the bee, in its serpentine flight,
From blossom to blossom that roves;
— The song of the wind, in the silence of night,
When it wakens or hushes the groves:
— Thus sweet in the chorus of rapture and love,
Which God in his temple attends,
With the song of all nature beneath and above,
The voice of these waters ascends.

The beauty, the music, the bliss of that scene
With ravishing sympathy stole

Through the stranger's lorn bosom, illumined his
mien,
And soothed and exalted his soul:
Cold, gloomy forebodings then vanish'd away,
His terrors to ecstasies turn,
As the vapours of night, at the dawning of day,
With splendour and loveliness burn.

The stranger reposed in the lonely retreat,
Now smiling at phantoms gone by,
When lo! a new welcome, in numbers most sweet,
Saluted his ear through his eye:
It came to his eye, but it went to his soul;
—Some muse, as she wander'd that way,
Had dropt from her bosom a mystical scroll,
Whose secrets I dare not betray.

Strange tones, we are told, the pale mariner hears,
When the mermaids ascend from their caves,

And sing, where the moon's lengthen'd image appears
A column of gold on the waves;
—And wild notes of wonder the shepherd entrance,
Who dreaming beholds in the vale,
By torchlight of glow-worms, the fairies that dance
To minstrelsy piped in the gale.

Not less to that stranger, mysteriously brought,
With harmony deep and refined,
In language of feeling and music of thought,
Those numbers were heard in his mind:
Then quick beat the pulse which had languidly crept,
And sent through his veins a spring-tide;
It seem'd as the harp of a seraph were swept
By a spirit that sung at his side.

All ceased in a moment, and nothing was heard,
And nothing was seen, through the wood,

But the twittering cry of a fugitive bird,
And the sunset, that blazed on the flood:
He rose, for the shadows of evening grew long,
And narrow the glimpses between;
The owl in his ambush was whooping his song,
And the gossamer glanced on the green.

Oft pausing, and hearkening, and turning his eye,
He left the sequester'd retreat;
As the stars in succession awoke through the sky,
And the moon of the harvest shone sweet;
So pure was her lustre, so lovely and bright,
So soft on the landscape it lay,
The shadows appear'd but the slumber of light,
And the night-scene a dream of the day.

He walk'd to the mansion, — though silent his tongue,
And his heart with its fulness oppress,

His spirit within him melodiously sung
The feelings that throbb'd in his breast:
—"Oh! ye, who inherit this privileged spot!
All blooming like Eden of yore,
What earth can afford is already your lot,
With the promise of 'life evermore.'

"Here, oft as to strangers your table is spread,
May angels sit down at your board;
Here, oft as the poor by your bounty are fed,
Be charity shown to your Lord;
Thus walking with God in your paradise here,
In humble communion of love,
At length, may your spirits, when He shall appear,
Be caught up to glory above.

## SPEED THE PROW!

---

Not the ship that swiftest saileth,
But which longest holds her way
Onward, onward, never faileth,
Storm and calm, to win the day;
Earliest she the haven gains,
Which the hardest stress sustains.

O'er life's ocean, wide and pathless,
Thus would I with patience steer;
No vain hope of journeying scathless,
No proud boast to face down fear;
Dark or bright his Providence,
Trust in God be my defence.

Time there was,—'t is so no longer,—
When I crowded every sail,
Battled with the waves, and stronger
Grew, as stronger grew the gale;
But my strength sunk with the wind,
And the sea lay dead behind.

There my bark had founder'd surely,
But a power invisible
Breathed upon me;—then securely,
Borne along the gradual swell,
Helm, and shrouds, and heart renew'd,
I my humbler course pursued.

Now, though evening shadows blacken,
And no star comes through the gloom,
On I move, nor will I slacken
Sail, though verging tow'rds the tomb;
Bright beyond,—on heaven's high strand,
Lo, the lighthouse!—land, land, land!

Cloud and sunshine, wind and weather,
Sense and sight are fleeing fast;
Time and tide must fail together,
Life and death will soon be past;
But where day's last spark declines,
Glory everlasting shines.

## THE SKY-LARK.

(ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.)

On hearing one singing at daybreak, during a sharp frost, on the 17th of February, 1832, while the author was on travel.

---

O WARN away the gloomy night,
With music make the welkin ring,
Bird of the dawn!—On joyful wing,
Soar through thine element of light,
Till nought in heaven mine eye can see,
Except the morning-star and thee.

O welcome in the cheerful day!
Through rosy clouds the shades retire,
The sun hath touch'd thy plumes with fire,
And girt thee with a golden ray:
Now shape and voice are vanish'd quite,
Nor eye nor ear can track thy flight.

Could I translate thy strains, and give
Words to thy notes in human tongue,
The sweetest lay that e'er I sung,
The lay that would the longest live,
I might record upon this page,
And sing *thy* song from age to age.

But speech of mine can ne'er reveal
Secrets so freely told above,
Yet is their burden joy and love
And all the bliss a bird can feel,
Whose wing in heaven to earth is bound,
Whose home and heart are on the ground.

Unlike the lark be thou, my friend!
No downward cares thy thoughts engage,
But in thine house of pilgrimage,
Though from the ground thy songs ascend,
Still be their burden joy and love,
—Heaven is thy home, thy heart above.

## THE FIXED STARS.

REIGN in your heavens, ye stars of light!
Beyond this troubled scene;
With you, fair orbs! there is no night,
Eternally serene,
Each casts around its tranquil way,
The radiance of its own clear day;
Yet not unborrow'd.—What are ye?
Mirrors of Deity:
My soul, in your reflective rays,
Him whom no eye hath seen surveys,
As I behold (himself too bright for view)
The sun in every drop of dew.

The gloom that brings, through evening skies,
Your beauty from the deep;
The clouds that hide you from our eyes;
The storms that seem to sweep
Your scatter'd train, like vessels tost
On ocean's waves, now seen, now lost;
—Belong to our inferior ball,
Ye shine above them all:
Your splendour noon eclipses not,
Nor night reveals, nor vapours blot;
O'er us, not you, these changes come and pass;
Ye navigate a sea of glass.

Thus, on their hyaline above,
In constellations stand
The tribes redeem'd by sovereign love;
—Crown'd, and with harp in hand,
They sing before the great I AM,
The song of Moses and the Lamb;

Returning in perpetual streams
His own all-lightening beams.
— Theirs be thy portion, O my soul!
That while heaven's years self-circling roll,
I may, among the ransom'd, — they in me,
And I in them, — God's image see.

## THE LILY.

TO A YOUNG LADY, E. P.

---

FLOWER of light, forget thy birth,
Daughter of the sordid earth,
Lift the beauty of thine eye
To the blue ethereal sky!

While thy graceful buds unfold
Silver petals starr'd with gold,
Let the bee among thy bells
Rifle their ambrosial cells,
And the nimble-pinion'd air
Waft thy breath to heaven like prayer.

Cloud and sun alternate shed
Gloom or glory round thine head;
Morn impearl thy leaves with dews,
Evening lend them rosy hues,
Noon with snow-white splendour bless,
Night with glow-worm jewels dress.
—Thus fulfil thy summer-day,
Spring, and flourish, and decay;
Live a life of fragrance,—then
Disappear,—to rise again,
When thy sisters of the vale
Welcome back the nightingale.

So may she, whose name I write,
Be herself a flower of light,
Live a life of innocence,
Die to be transplanted hence
To that garden in the skies,
Where the lily never dies.

## THE GENTIANELLA.

IN LEAF.

GREEN thou art, obscurely green,
Meanest plant among the mean!

From the dust I took my birth;
*Thou*, too, art a child of earth;
*I* aspire not to be great;
Scorn not thou my low estate;
Time will come when thou shalt see
Honour crown humility,
Beauty set her seal on me.

IN FLOWER.

Blue, thou art, intensely blue,
Flower, whence came thy dazzling hue?

When I open'd first mine eye,
Upward glancing to the sky,
Straightway from the firmament
Was the sapphire brilliance sent.
Brighter glory wouldst *thou* share,
Do what I did,—look up *there*,
What I could not,—look with prayer!

## THE SUN-FLOWER.

EAGLE of flowers! I see thee stand,
And on the sun's noon-glory gaze;
With eye like his, thy lids expand,
And fringe their disk with golden rays:
Though fix'd on earth, in darkness rooted there,
Light is thine element, thy dwelling air,
Thy prospect heaven.

So would mine eagle-soul descry,
Beyond the path where planets run,
The light of immortality,
The splendour of creation's sun;
Though sprung from earth, and hastening to the tomb,
In hope a flower of paradise to bloom,
I look to heaven.

## WINTER-LIGHTNING.

---

THE flash at midnight!—'t was a light
That gave the blind a moment's sight,
Then sunk in tenfold gloom;
Loud, deep, and long the thunder broke,
The deaf ear instantly awoke,
Then closed as in the tomb:
An angel might have pass'd my bed,
Sounded the trump of God, and fled.

So life appears;—a sudden birth,
A glance revealing heaven and earth,

It *is* and it is *not!*
So fame the poet's hope deceives,
Who sings for after-times, and leaves
A name — to be forgot:
Life is a lightning-flash of breath,
Fame but a thunder-clap at death.

## HUMILITY.

THE bird that soars on highest wing,
Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
And she that doth most sweetly sing,
Sings in the shade when all things rest:
—In lark and nightingale we see
What honour hath humility.

When Mary chose the "better part,"
She meekly sat at Jesus' feet;
And Lydia's gently-open'd heart
Was made for God's own temple meet;
—Fairest and best adorn'd is she,
Whose clothing is humility.

The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown,
In deepest adoration bends;
The weight of glory bows him down,
Then most when most his soul ascends;
—Nearest the throne itself must be
The footstool of humility.

## EVENING TIME.

ZECH. xiv. 7.

---

AT evening time let there be light:—
Life's little day draws near its close;
Around me fall the shades of night,
The night of death, the grave's repose;
To crown my joys, to end my woes,
At evening time let there be light.

At evening time let there be light:—
Stormy and dark hath been my day;
Yet rose the morn benignly bright,
Dews, birds, and flowers cheer'd all the way;
O for one sweet, one parting ray!
At evening time let there be light.

At evening time there *shall* be light:—
For God hath said,—"So let it be!"
Fear, doubt, and anguish take their flight,
His glory now is risen on me;
Mine eyes shall his salvation see:
—'T is evening time, and there *is* light.

## REMINISCENCE.

---

Remembrance of the dead revives
The slain of time, at will;
Those who were lovely in their lives,
In death are lovelier still.

Unburden'd with infirmity,
Unplagued like mortal men,
O with what pure delight we see
The heart's old friends again!

Not as they sunk into the tomb,
With sickness-wasted powers,
But in the beauty and the bloom
Of their best days and ours.

The troubles of departed years
Bring joys unknown before;
And soul-refreshing are the tears
O'er wounds that bleed no more.

Lightnings may blast, but thunder-showers
Earth's ravaged face renew,
With nectar fill the cups of flowers,
And hang the thorns with dew.

Remembrance of the dead is sweet;
Yet how imperfect this,
Unless past, present, future meet,
—A threefold cord of bliss!

Companions of our youth, our age,
With whom through life we walk'd,
And in our house of pilgrimage,
Of home beyond it talk'd:—

Grief on their urn may fix her eyes,
—They spring not from the ground;
Love may invoke them from the skies,
— There is no voice nor sound.

Fond memory marks them as they *were*,
Stars in our horoscope;
But soon to see them as they *are*,
— That is our dearest hope.

Not through the darkness of the night,
To waking thought reveal'd,
But in the uncreated light
Of Deity reveal'd.

*They* cannot come to us, but *we*
Ere long to them may go;
—That glimpse of immortality
Is heaven begun below.

## A RECOLLECTION OF MARY F.,

A YOUNG LADY UNEXPECTEDLY REMOVED FROM A LARGE FAMILY CIRCLE.

Her life had twice been saved, once from the flames, and again from the water, by an affectionate father.

---

THRICE born for earth and twice for heaven,
A lovely maiden once I knew,
To whom 't is now in glory given
To grow, as here in shade she grew:
Brief was her course, but starry bright;
The linnet's song, the lily's white,
The fountain's freshness, — these shall be
Meet emblems of that maid to me.

A weeping babe to light she came,
And changed for smiles a mother's throes;
In childhood from devouring flame
Rescued, to second life she rose;
A father's arm had pluck'd her thence;
That arm again was her defence,
When bury'd in the strangling wave,
He snatch'd her from an ocean grave.

Twice born for heaven as thrice for earth,
When God's eternal Spirit moved
On her young heart, a nobler birth
Than nature can confer, she proved:
— The dew-drop in the breeze of morn,
Trembling and sparkling on the thorn,
Falls to the ground, escapes the eye,
Yet mounts on sunbeams to the sky.

Thus in the dew of youth she shone,
Thus in the morn of beauty fell;

Even while we gazed, the form was gone,
Her life became invisible;
Her last best birth, with her last breath,
Came in the dark disguise of death;
Grief fill'd her parents' home of love,
But joy her Father's house above.

# THE CHOLERA MOUNT:

LINES ON THE BURYING-PLACE FOR PATIENTS WHO DIED OF CHOLERA MORBUS; A PLEASANT EMINENCE IN SHEFFIELD PARK.

Written during the prevalence of the disease in 1832, and while great terror of infection from it was experienced throughout the kingdom, sanctioned by legislative authority requiring the separate interment of its unfortunate victims.

---

In death divided from their dearest kin,
This is "a field to bury strangers in:"
Fragments, from families untimely reft,
Like spoils in flight, or limbs in battle left,
Lie here;—a sad community, whose bones
Might feel, methinks, a pang to quicken stones;

While from beneath my feet they seem to cry,
" Oh ! is it nought to you, ye passers by !
When from its earthly house the spirit fled,
Our dust might not be ' free among the dead ? '
Ah ! why were we to this Siberia sent,
Doom'd in the grave itself to banishment ? "

Shuddering humanity asks, " Who are these ?
And what their crime ? " — *They fell by one disease !*
By the blue pest, whose gripe no art can shun,
No force unwrench, out-singled one by one ;
When, like a monstrous birth, the womb of fate
Bore a new death of unrecorded date,
And doubtful name. — Far east the fiend begun
Its course ; thence round the world pursued the sun,
The ghosts of millions following at its back,
Whose desecrated graves betray'd their track.
On Albion's shores unseen the invader stept,
Secret and swift through field and city swept ;

At noon, at midnight, seized the weak, the strong,
Asleep, awake, alone, amid the throng;
Kill'd like a murderer; fix'd its icy hold,
And wrung out life with agony of cold;
Nor stay'd its vengeance where it crush'd the prey,
But set a mark, like Cain's, upon their clay,
And this tremendous seal impress'd on all,
" Bury me out of sight and out of call."

Wherefore no filial foot this turf may tread,
No kneeling mother kiss her baby's bed;
No maiden unespoused, with widow'd sighs,
Seek her soul's treasure where her true love lies:
—All stand aloof, and eye this mount from far,
As panic-stricken crowds some baleful star,
Strange to the heavens, that with bewilder'd light,
Like a lost spirit wanders through the night.

Yet many a mourner weeps her fallen state,
In many a home by these left desolate,
Once warm with love, and radiant with the smiles
Of woman, watching infants at their wiles,
Whose eye of thought when now they throng her knees
Pictures far other scene than that she sees,
For one is wanting,—one, for whose dear sake,
Her heart for very tenderness would ache,
As now with anguish,—doubled when she spies
In this his lineaments, in that his eyes,
In each his image with her own commix'd,
And there, at least, through life their union fix'd.

Humanity again asks, "Who are these?
And what their crime?"—They fell by *one* disease;
Not by the Proteus-maladies that strike
Man into nothingness; not twice alike;

But when they knock'd for entrance at the tomb,
Their fathers' bones refused to make them room;
Recoiling Nature from their presence fled,
As though a thunder-bolt had smote them dead;
Their cries pursued her with the thrilling plea,
"Give us a little earth for charity!"
She linger'd, listen'd, all her bosom yearn'd,
Through every vein the mother's pulse return'd;
Then, as she halted on this hill, she threw
Her mantle wide, and loose her tresses flew:
"Live!" to the slain, she cried, "My children, live!
This for an heritage to you I give;
Had death consumed you by the common lot,
You, with the multitude had been forgot,
Now through an age of ages shall ye *not*."

Thus Nature spake, and as her echo, I
Take up her parable, and prophesy:

—Here, as from spring to spring the swallows pass,
Perennial daisies shall adorn the grass;
Here the shrill sky-lark build her annual nest,
And sing in heaven while you serenely rest:
On trembling dew-drops morn's first glance shall shine,
Eve's latest beams on this fair bank decline,
And oft the rainbow steal through light and gloom,
To throw its sudden arch across your tomb;
On you the moon her sweetest influence shower,
And every planet bless you in its hour.

With statelier honours still, in time's slow round,
Shall this sepulchral eminence be crown'd,
Where generations long to come shall hail
The growth of centuries waving in the gale,
A forest land-mark on the mountain's head,
Standing betwixt the living and the dead;

Nor while your language lasts, shall traveller cease
To say, at sight of your memorial, "*Peace!*"
Your voice of silence answering from the sod,
"*Whoe'er thou art, prepare to meet thy God!*"*

* This anticipation is already in the progress of fulfilment; for not only is the adjacent plantation growing up round the humble enclosure, where *three hundred and thirty-nine* bodies are interred, but a lofty monumental cross is in the course of erection, to commemorate their sad removal from life, and their strange insulation in death.

## THE TOMBS OF THE FATHERS.

The Jews occasionally hold a "Solemn Assembly" in the valley of Jehosaphat, the ancient burial-place of Jerusalem. They are obliged to pay a heavy tax for the privilege of thus mourning, in stillness, at the sepulchres of their ancestors.

---

### Part I.

In Babylon they sat and wept,
Down by the river's willowy side;
And when the breeze their harp-strings swept,
The strings of breaking hearts replied:
—A deeper sorrow now they hide;
No Cyrus comes to set them free
From ages of captivity.

All lands are Babylons to them,
  Exiles and fugitives they roam;
What is their own Jerusalem?
  — The place where they are *least* at home!
  Yet hither from all climes they come;
And pay their gold, for leave to shed
Tears o'er the generations fled.

Around, the eternal mountains stand,
  With Hinnom's darkling vale between;
Old Jordan wanders through the land,
  Blue Carmel's sea-ward crest is seen,
  And Lebanon yet sternly green
Throws, when the evening sun declines,
Its cedar-shades, in lengthening lines.

But ah! for ever vanish'd hence,
  The temple of the living God,
Once Zion's glory and defence!

—Now mourn beneath the oppressor's rod,
The fields which faithful Abraham trod,
Where Isaac walk'd by twilight gleam,
And heaven came down on Jacob's dream.

For ever mingled with the soil,
Those armies of the Lord of Hosts,
That conquer'd Canaan, shared the spoil,
Quell'd Moab's pride, storm'd Midian's posts,
Spread paleness through Philistia's coasts,
And taught the foes, whose idols fell,
"There is a God in Israel."

Now, David's tabernacle gone,
What mighty builder shall restore?
The golden throne of Solomon,
And ivory palace are no more;
The Psalmist's song, the Preacher's lore,
Of all they wrought, alone remain
Unperish'd trophies of their reign.

Holy and beautiful of old,
  Was Zion 'midst her princely bowers;
Besiegers trembled to behold
  Bulwarks that set at nought their powers;
  —Swept from the earth are all her towers;
Nor is there—so was she bereft—
One stone upon another left.

The very site whereon she stood,
  In vain the eye, the foot would trace;
Vengeance, for saints' and martyrs' blood,
  Her walls did utterly deface;
  Dungeons and dens usurp their place;
The cross and crescent shine afar,
But where is Jacob's natal star?

## Part II.

Still inexterminable, still
  Devoted to their mother-land,
Her offspring haunt the temple-hill,
  Amidst her desecration stand,
  And bite the lip, and clench the hand:
— To-day in that lone vale they weep,
Where patriarchs, kings, and prophets sleep.

Ha! what a spectacle of woe!
  In groups they settle on the ground;
Men, women, children, gathering slow,
  Sink down in reverie profound;
  There is no voice, no speech, no sound,
But through the shuddering frame is thrown
The heart's unutterable groan.

Entranced they sit, nor seem to breathe,
  Themselves like spectres from the dead;
Where, shrined in rocks above, beneath,
  With clods along the valley spread,
  Their ancestors, each on his bed,
Repose, till at the judgment-day,
Death and the grave give up their prey.

Before their eyes, as in a glass,
  —Their eyes that gaze on vacancy—
Pageants of ancient grandeur pass,
  But, "Ichabod" on all they see
  Brands Israel's foul apostasy;
—Then last and worst, and crowning all
Their crimes and sufferings—Salem's fall.

Nor breeze, nor bird, nor palm-tree stirs,
  Kedron's unwater'd brook is dumb;
But through the glen of sepulchres

Is heard the city's fervid hum,
Voices of dogs and children come:
Till loud and long the medzin's* cry,
From Omar's mosque, peals round the sky.

Blight through their veins those accents send;
In agony of mute despair,
Their garments, as by stealth, they rend;
Unconsciously they pluck their hair;
—This is the Moslem's hour of prayer;
'T was Judah's once,—but fane and priest,
Altar and sacrifice, have ceased.

And by the Gentiles, in their pride,
Jerusalem is trodden down:
—"How long?—for ever wilt thou hide
Thy face, O Lord!—for ever frown?
Israel was once thy glorious crown,

* More properly "muedhin's," the person whose business it is to call the Mohammedans to prayer; no bells being used by them for that purpose.

In sight of all the nations worn;
Now from thy brow in anger torn.

" Zion, forsaken and forgot,
Hath felt thy stroke, and owns it just:
O God, our God! reject us not,
Her sons take pleasure in her dust:
How is the fine gold dimm'd with rust!
The city throned in gorgeous state,
How doth she now sit desolate!

" Where is thine oath to David sworn?
We by the winds like chaff are driven:
Yet unto us a Child is born,
Yet unto us a Son is given;
His throne is as the days of Heaven:
When shall He come to our release,
The mighty God, the Prince of Peace?"

## Part III.

Thus blind with unbelief they cry,
But hope revisits not their glooms;
Seal'd are the words of prophecy,
Seal'd as the secrets of yon tombs,
Where all is dark,—though nature blooms,
Birds sing, streams murmur, heaven above,
And earth around, are life, light, love.

The sun goes down;—the mourning crowds,
Re-quicken'd, as from slumber start;
They met in silence here like clouds,
Like clouds in silence they depart:
Still clings the thought to every heart,
Still from their lips escapes in sighs,
—"By whom shall Jacob yet arise?"

By whom shall Jacob yet arise?
—Even by the Power that wakes the dead:

He whom your fathers did despise,
He who for *you* on Calvary bled,
On Zion shall his ensign spread;
—Captives! by all the world enslaved,
Know your Redeemer, and be saved!

## A CRY FROM SOUTH AFRICA:

On building a Chapel at Cape Town, for the Negro Slaves of the Colony, in 1828.

---

AFRIC, from her remotest strand,
Lifts to high heaven one fetter'd hand,
And to the utmost of her chain
Stretches the other o'er the main:
Then, kneeling midst ten thousand slaves,
Utters a cry across the waves,
Of power to reach to either pole,
And pierce, like conscience, through the soul,
Though dreary, faint, and low the sound,
Like life-blood gurgling from a wound,

As if her heart, before it broke,
Had found a human tongue, and spoke.

"Britain! *not now* I ask of thee
Freedom, the right of bond and free;
Let Mammon hold, while Mammon can,
The bones and blood of living man;
Let tyrants scorn, while tyrants dare,
The shrieks and writhings of despair;
An end *will* come,—it will not wait,
Bands, yokes, and scourges have their date,
Slavery itself must pass away,
And be a tale of yesterday.

But now I urge a dearer claim,
And urge it by a mightier name:
Hope of the world! on thee I call,
By the great Father of us all,
By the Redeemer of our race,
And by the Spirit of all grace,

Turn not, Britannia, from my plea;
— So help thee God as thou help'st me!
Mine outcast children come to light
From darkness, and go down in night;
— A night of more mysterious gloom
Than that which wrapt them in the womb:
Oh! that the womb had been the grave
Of every being born a slave!
Oh! that the grave itself might close
The slave's unutterable woes!
But what beyond that gulf may be
What portion in eternity,
For those who live to curse their breath,
And die without a hope in death,
I know not, and I dare not think;
Yet, while I shudder o'er the brink
Of that unfathomable deep,
Where wrath lies chain'd and judgments sleep,
To thee, thou paradise of isles!
Where mercy in full glory smiles;

Eden of lands! o'er all the rest
By blessing others doubly blest,
— To thee I lift my weeping eye;
Send me the Gospel or I die;
The word of Christ's salvation give,
That I may hear his voice and live.

# SONGS

ON

# THE ABOLITION OF NEGRO SLAVERY,

IN THE BRITISH COLONIES,

Aug. 1. 1834.

## No. I.

## THE RAINBOW.

---

Sign of the passing storm,
Symbol of wrath gone by,
Born of the cloud and sun, — what form
Of beauty tracks the sky?
From Afric to the isles of slaves
The rainbow spans the' Atlantic waves.

Black, white, and bond, and free,
Castes and proscriptions cease;
The Negro wakes to liberty,
The Negro sleeps in peace;
Read the great charter on his brow,
"I AM a MAN, a BROTHER *now.*

## No. II.

### "THE NEGRO IS FREE."

[To Moore's Melody of "Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea."]

---

BLOW ye the trumpet abroad o'er the sea;
Britannia hath conquer'd, the Negro is free:
Sing, for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
His scourges and fetters all clotted with blood,
Are wrench'd from his grasp, for the word was but spoken,
And fetters and scourges were plunged in the flood:
Blow ye the trumpet abroad o'er the sea,
Britannia hath conquer'd, the Negro is free.

Hail to Britannia, fair liberty's isle!
Her frown quail'd the tyrant, the slave caught her
smile:
Fly on the winds to tell Afric the story;
Say to the mother of mourners, "Rejoice!"
Britannia went forth, in her beauty, her glory,
And slaves sprang to men at the sound of her voice:
—Praise to the God of our fathers; 'twas He,
Jehovah, that conquer'd, my country! by thee.

## No. III.

## SLAVERY THAT WAS.

---

Ages, ages have departed
Since the first dark vessel bore
Afric's children, broken-hearted,
To the Caribbèan shore;
She like Rachel,
Weeping, for they were no more.

Millions, millions have been slaughter'd
In the fight and on the deep;
Millions, millions more have water'd,
With such tears as captives weep,
Fields of travail,
Where their bones till doomsday sleep.

Mercy, mercy vainly pleading,
Rent her garments, smote her breast,
Till a voice, from heaven proceeding,
Gladden'd all the gloomy west,
" Come ye weary !
Come, and I will give you rest !"

Tidings, tidings of salvation !
Britons rose with one accord,
Purged the plague-spot from our nation
Negroes to their rights restored ;
Slaves no longer,
FREE-MEN, — FREE-MEN of the LORD.

## No. IV.

## SLAVERY THAT IS NOT.

---

God made all his creatures free;
Life itself is liberty;
God ordain'd no other bands
Than united hearts and hands.

Sin the' eternal charter broke,
— Sin, itself earth's heaviest yoke;
Tyranny with sin began,
Man o'er brute, and man o'er man.

Pass five thousand pagan years
Of creation's groans and tears;
To oppression's climax come,
In the crimes of Christendom.

What were these?—Let Afric's sands,
Ocean's depths, West Indian strands,
In the day of wrath declare:
—Oh! the mercy that they *were*;—

For they *are not*, — *cannot be*;
Life again is liberty;
And the Negro's only bands
Love-knit hearts and love-link'd hands.

So the plague of slavery cease!
So return primeval peace!
While the ransom'd tribes record
All the goodness of the Lord.

## No. V.

## THE NEGRO'S VIGIL:

### ON THE EVE OF THE FIRST OF AUGUST, 1834.

" They that watch for the morning: —they that watch for the morning." — *Psalm* cxxx. 6.

HIE to the mountain afar,
All in the cool of the even;
Led by yon beautiful star,
First of the daughters of heaven:
Sweet to the slave is the season of rest,
Something far sweeter he looks for to-night;
His heart lies awake in the depth of his breast,
And listens till God shall say, " *Let there be light!*"

Climb we the mountain, and stand
High in mid-air, to inhale,
Fresh from our old father-land,
Balm in the ocean-borne gale:
Darkness yet covers the face of the deep;
Spirit of freedom! go forth in thy might,
To break up our bondage like infancy's sleep,
The moment when God shall say, "*Let there be light!*"

Gaze we, meanwhile, from this peak;
Praying in thought while we gaze;
Watch for the morning's first streak,
Prayer then be turn'd into praise:
Shout to the valleys, "Behold ye the morn,
Long, long desired but denied to our sight:"
Lo, myriads of slaves into men are new-born;
The word was omnipotent, "*Let there be light!*"

Hear it and hail it;—the call,
Island to island prolong;
Liberty! liberty!—all
Join in the jubilee-song:
Hark! 'tis the children's hosannas that ring;
Hark! they are free-men whose voices unite;
While England, the Indies, and Africa sing,
"AMEN, HALLELUJAH!" at "*Let there be light!*"

A

# POET'S PORTFOLIO.

## BOOK III.

## SACRED AND SCRIPTURE SUBJECTS.

# THE SAND AND THE ROCK.

"I will open my dark saying upon the harp."
*Psalm* xlix. 4.

## PART I.

### DESTRUCTION.

I BUILT my house upon the sand,
And saw its image in the sea,
That seem'd as stable as the land,
And beautiful as heaven to me.

For in the clear and tranquil tide,
As in a nether firmament,
Sun, moon, and stars appear'd to glide,
And lights and shadows came and went.

I ate and drank, I danced and sung,
Reclined at ease, at leisure stroll'd,
Collecting shells and pebbles, flung
Upon the beach, for gems and gold.

I said unto my soul, "Rejoice!
In safety, wealth, and pleasure here;"
But while I spake a secret voice,
Within my bosom, whisper'd "Fear!"

I heeded not, and went to rest,
Prayerless, once more, beneath my roof,
Nor deem'd the eagle on his nest
More peril-free, more tempest-proof.

But in the dead and midnight hour
A storm came down upon the deep;
Wind, rain, and lightning, such a stour,
Methought 'twas doomsday in my sleep.

I strove, but could not wake, — the stream
Beat vehemently on my wall;
I felt it tottering in my dream;
It fell, and dreadful was the fall.

Swept with the ruins down the flood,
I woke; home, hope, and heart were gone;
My brain flash'd fire, ice thrill'd my blood;
Life, life was all I thought upon.

Death, death was all that met my eye;
Deep swallow'd deep, wave buried wave;
I look'd in vain for land and sky;
All was one sea, — that sea one grave.

I struggled through the strangling tide,
As though a bowstring wrung my neck;
"Help! help!" voice fail'd, — I fain had cried,
And clung convulsive to the wreck.

Not long, — for suddenly a spot
Of darkness fell upon my brain,
Which spread and press'd, till I forgot,
All pain in that excess of pain.

## Part II.

### TRANSITION.

Two woes were past; a worse befell;
When I revived, the sea had fled;
Beneath me yawn'd the gulf of hell,
Broad as the vanish'd ocean's bed.

Downward I seem'd to plunge through space,
As lightning flashes and expires,
Yet—how I knew not—turn'd my face
Away from those terrific fires;—

And saw, in glory throned afar,
A human form yet all divine;
Beyond the track of sun or star,
High o'er all height it seem'd to shine.

'Twas He who in the furnace walk'd
With Shadrach, and controll'd its power;
'Twas he with whom Elias talk'd,
In his transfiguration-hour.

'Twas He whom, in the lonely Isle
Of Patmos, John in spirit saw;
And, at the lightning of his smile,
Fell down as dead, entranced with awe.

From his resplendent diadem,
A ray shot through mine inmost soul;
"Could I but touch his garment's hem,"
Methought, "like her whom faith made whole!"

Faith, faith was given;—though nigh and nigher,
Swift verging tow'rds the gulf below,
I stretch'd my hand;—but high and higher,
Ah me! the vision seem'd to go.

"Save, Lord, I perish!"—while I cried,
Some miracle of mercy drew
My spirit upward;—hell yawn'd wide,
And follow'd;—upwards still I flew:—

And upwards still the surging flame
Pursued;—yet all was clear above,
Whence brighter, sweeter, kindlier came
My blessed Saviour's looks of love.

Till with a sudden flash forth beam'd
The fulness of the Deity:—,
Hell's jaws collapsed; I felt redeem'd;
The snare was broken, I was free.

A voice from heaven proclaim'd,—" 'T is done!"
Then, like a homeward ray of light
From the last planet to the sun,
I darted through the abyss of night.

Till He put forth his hand, to meet
Mine, grasping at infinity;
He caught me, set me on my feet;
I fell at his in ecstasy.

What follow'd, human tongue in vain
Would question language to disclose:
Enough,—that I was born again,
From death to life that hour I rose.

## Part III.

### RESTITUTION.

I built once more, but on a rock,
(Faith's strong foundation firm and sure,)
Fix'd mine abode, the heaviest shock
Of time and tempest to endure.

Not small, nor large, not low, nor high,
Midway it stands upon the steep,
Beneath the storm-mark of the sky,
Above the flood-mark of the deep.

And here I humbly wait, while He,
Who pluck'd me from the lowest hell,
Prepares a heavenly house for me,
Then calls me home with Him to dwell.

## AT HOME IN HEAVEN

1 Thess. iv. 17.

---

### Part I.

"For ever with the Lord!'
—Amen; so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear!

Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect flies,
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.

Anon the clouds dispart,
The winds and waters cease,
While sweetly o'er my gladden'd heart
Expands the bow of peace.

Beneath its glowing arch,
Along the hallow'd ground,
I see cherubic armies march,
A camp of fire around.

I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven
Earth's Babel-tongues o'erpower.

Then, then I feel that He,
(Remember'd or forgot,)
The Lord is never far from me,
Though I perceive Him not.

## Part II.

In darkness as in light,
Hidden alike from view,
I sleep, I wake within *his* sight,
Who looks existence through.

From the dim hour of birth,
Through every changing state
Of mortal pilgrimage on earth,
Till its appointed date;

All that I am, have been,
All that I yet may be,
He sees at once, as He hath seen,
And shall for ever see.

How can I meet His eyes?
Mine on the cross I cast,
And own my life a Saviour's prize,
Mercy from first to last.

" For ever with the Lord!"
— Father, if 'tis thy will,
The promise of that faithful word,
Even here to me fulfil.

Be thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail;
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand,
Fight, and I must prevail.

So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
" For ever with the Lord!"

Then though the soul enjoy
Communion high and sweet,
While worms this body must destroy,
Both shall in glory meet.

The trump of final doom
Will speak the self-same word,
And heaven's voice thunder through the tomb,
"For ever with the Lord!"

The tomb shall echo deep
That death-awakening sound;
The saints shall hear it in their sleep,
And answer from the ground.

Then upward as they fly,
That resurrection-word
Shall be their shout of victory,
"For ever with the Lord!"

That resurrection-word,

That shout of victory,

Once more, — " For ever with the Lord ! "

Amen ; so let it be.

## HEAVEN IN PROSPECT.

---

PALMS of glory, raiment bright,
Crowns that never fade away,
Gird and deck the saints in light,
Priests and kings and conquerors they.

Yet the conquerors bring their palms
To the Lamb amidst the throne,
And proclaim in joyful psalms,
Victory through his cross alone.

Kings for harps their crowns resign,
Crying, as they strike the chords,
"Take the kingdom,—it is thine,
King of kings and Lord of lords."

Round the altar, priests confess,
If their robes are white as snow,
'T was the Saviour's righteousness,
And his blood that made them so.

Who were these?—On earth they dwelt,
Sinners once of Adam's race,
Guilt, and fear, and suffering felt,
But were saved by sovereign grace.

They were mortal, too, like us;
—Ah! when we, like them, shall die,
May our souls, translated thus,
Triumph, reign, and shine on high!

## GARDEN THOUGHTS,

On occasion of a Christian assembly in the grounds of a gentleman at York, for the purpose of promoting Missions among the Heathen.

---

In a garden — man was placed,
Meet abode for innocence,
With his Maker's image graced;
— Sin crept in and drove him thence,
Through the world, a wretch undone,
Seeking rest, and finding none.

In a garden — on that night,
When our Saviour was betray'd,
With what world-redeeming might,
In his agony he pray'd!

Till he drank the vengeance up,
And with mercy fill'd the cup.

In a garden—on the cross,
When the spear his heart had riven,
And for earth's primeval loss,
Heaven's best ransom had been given,
—Jesus rested from his woes,
Jesus from the dead arose.

Here, not Eden's bowers are found,
Nor forlorn Gethsemane,
Nor that calm, sepulchral ground
At the foot of Calvary;
— Yet this scene may well recall
Sweet remembrances of all.

Emblem of the church below!
Where the Spirit and the Word

Fall like dews, like breezes blow,
And the Lord God's voice is heard,
Walking in the cool of day,
While the world is far away:—

Emblem of the church above!
Where, as in their native clime,
Midst the garden of his love,
Rescued from the rage of time,
Saints, as trees of life, shall stand,
Planted by his own right hand!

Round the fair enclosure here
Flames no cherub's threatening sword;
Ye who enter feel no fear:
—Roof'd by heaven, with verdure floor'd,
Breathing balm from blossoms gay,
*This* be paradise *to-day*.

Yet one moment meditate
On our parents' banishment,
When from Eden's closing gate,
Hand in hand, they weeping went,
Spikenard groves no more to dress,
But a thorn-set wilderness.

Then remember Him who laid
Uncreated splendour by,
Lower than the angels made,
Fallen man to glorify,
And from death beyond the grave
Unto life immortal save.

Think of Him,—your souls He sought,
Wandering, never to return;
Hath He found you?—At the thought
Your glad hearts within you burn;
Then your love like His extend,
Be like Him the sinner's friend.

O'er Jerusalem He wept,
Doom'd to perish;—can't you weep
O'er a world, by Satan kept
Dreaming in delirious sleep,
Till the twinkle of an eye
Wakes them in eternity?

Ye, who smile in rosy youth,
Glow with manhood, fade through years,
Send the life, the light, the truth,
To dead hearts, blind eyes, deaf ears,
And your very pleasures make
Charities for Jesus' sake.

So shall gospel-glory run
Round the globe, to every clime,
Brighter than the circling sun,
Hastening that millennial time,
When the earth shall be restored
As the garden of the Lord.

## TO MR. AND MRS. T.

OF YORK,

WITH THE FOREGOING STANZAS.

---

Ye who own this quiet place,
Here, like Enoch, walk with God;
And, till summon'd hence, through grace,
Tread the path your Saviour trod;
Then to paradise on high,
With the wings of angels fly.

## THE FIELD OF THE WORLD.

Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thine hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broad-cast it o'er the land.

Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock,
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.

The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here nor there;
O'er hill and dale, by plots, 't is found;
Go forth, then, every where.

Thou know'st not which may thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germs alive,
When and wherever strown.

And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength;
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain,
For garners in the sky.

Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God is come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And Heaven cry—"Harvest-home!"

## FAREWELL TO A MISSIONARY.

---

HOME, kindred, friends, and country, — these
Are things with which we never part;
From clime to clime, o'er land and seas,
We bear them with us in our heart;
And yet 't is hard to feel resign'd,
When they must all be left behind.

But when the pilgrim's staff we take,
And follow Christ from shore to shore,
Gladly for Him we all forsake,
Press on, and only look before;
Though humbled nature mourns her loss,
The spirit glories in the cross.

It is no sin, like man, to weep,
Even Jesus wept o'er Lazarus dead;
Or yearn for home beyond the deep, —
He had not where to lay his head;
The patriot's tears will He condemn,
Who grieved o'er lost Jerusalem?

Take up your cross, and say — "Farewell:"
Go forth without the camp to Him,
Who left heaven's throne with men to dwell,
Who died his murderers to redeem:
Oh! tell his name in every ear,
Doubt not, — the dead themselves will hear, —

Hear, and come forth to life anew;
— Then while the Gentile courts they fill,
Shall not your Saviour's words stand true?
Home, kindred, friends, and country still,
In earth's last desert you shall find,
Yet lose not those you left behind.

## AN AFTER-THOUGHT.

---

I CANNOT call affliction sweet,
And yet 't was good to bear;
Affliction brought me to thy feet,
And I found comfort there.

My weaned soul was all resign'd
To thy most gracious will;
Oh! had I kept that better mind,
Or been afflicted still!

Where are the vows which then I vow'd,
The joys which then I knew?
Those vanish'd like the morning cloud,
These like the early dew.

Lord, grant me grace for every day,
Whate'er my state may be;
Through life, in death, with truth to say,
"My God is all to me!"

## "LOVEST THOU ME?"

JOHN, xxi. 15—17.

---

"*Lovest thou me?*" I hear my Saviour say:
Would that my heart had power to answer —"Yea;
Thou knowest all things, Lord, in heaven above,
And earth beneath; Thou knowest that I love."

But 't is not so; in word, in deed, in thought,
I do not, cannot love thee as I ought;
*Thy* love must give that power, *thy* love alone;
There 's nothing worthy of thee but thine own;
Lord, with the love wherewith thou lovedst me,
Reflected on thyself, *I would* love thee.

## "THE PRISONER OF THE LORD."

### A SABBATH HYMN FOR A SICK CHAMBER.

---

THOUSANDS, O Lord of Hosts! this day,
Around thine altar meet;
And tens of thousands throng to pay
Their homage at thy feet.

They see thy power and glory there,
As I have seen them too;
They read, they hear, they join in prayer,
As I was wont to do.

They sing Thy deeds, as I have sung,
In sweet and solemn lays;
Were I among them, my glad tongue
Might learn new themes of praise.

For Thou art in their midst, to teach,
When on Thy name they call;
And Thou hast blessings, Lord, for each,
Hast blessings, Lord, for all.

I, of such fellowship bereft,
In spirit turn to Thee;
Oh! hast Thou not a blessing left,
A blessing, Lord, for me?

The dew lies thick on all the ground,
Shall my poor fleece be dry?
The manna rains from heaven around,
Shall I of hunger die?

Behold thy prisoner;—loose my bands,
If 't is thy gracious will;
If not,—contented in thine hands,
Behold thy prisoner still!

I may not to thy courts repair,
Yet here thou surely art;
Lord, consecrate a house of prayer
In my surrender'd heart.

To faith reveal the things unseen,
To hope, the joys untold;
Let love, without a veil between,
Thy glory now behold.

Oh! make thy face on me to shine,
That doubt and fear may cease;
Lift up thy countenance benign
On me,—and give me peace.

## THE LOT OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

"We know that all things work together for good to them that love God."—*Rom.* viii. 28.

YEA — "ALL *things work together for their good!*"
How can this glorious truth be understood?
'T is like Jehovah's throne, where marvellous light
Hides in thick darkness from created sight:
The first-born seraph, trembling while he sings,
Views its veil'd lustre through his shadowing wings;
Or, if he meets, by unexpected grace,
The beatific vision, face to face,
Shrinks from perfection which no eye can see,
Entranced in the abyss of Deity.

Yea, — "ALL *things work together for their good!*"

How shall the mystery be understood?

From man's primeval curse are these set free,
Sin slain, death swallow'd up in victory?
The body from corruption so refined,
'T is but the immortal vesture of the mind?
The mind from folly so to wisdom won,
'T is a pure sunbeam of the eternal sun?

Ah! no, no;—all that troubles life is theirs,
Hard toil, sharp suffering, slow-consuming cares;
To mourn and weep; want raiment, food, and rest,
Brood o'er the unutter'd anguish of the breast;
To love, to hope, desire, possess, in vain;
Wrestle with weakness, weariness, and pain,
Struggle with fell disease from breath to breath,
And every moment die a moment's death.

This is their portion, this the common lot;
But *they* have sorrows which the world knows not;
—Their conflicts with that world, its fair, false joys,
Ensnaring riches and delusive toys,
Its love, its hatred; its neglect and scorn;
With self-abhorrence harder to be borne;
The pangs of conscience, when God's holy law,
Through Sinai's thunders, strikes them dumb with awe;
Passions disorder'd, when insane desires
Blow the rank embers of unhallow'd fires;
Evils that lurk in ambush at the heart,
And shoot their arrows thence through every part;
Harsh roots of bitterness, light seeds of sin,
Oft springing up and stirring strife within;
Pride, like the serpent, vaunting to deceive,
As with his subtilty beguiling Eve;
Ambition, like the great red dragon, hurl'd,
Shee- from heaven's battlements to this low world,

Boundless in rage, as limited in power,
Ramping abroad, and roaring to devour:
— *These*, which blithe worldlings laugh at and contemn,
Are worse than famine, sword, and fire to them.

Nor these alone, for neither few nor small
The trials rising from their holy call:
— The Spirit's searching, proving, cleansing flames;
Duty's demands, the Gospel's sovereign claims;
Stern self-denial counting all things loss
For Christ, and daily taking up the cross;
The broken heart, or heart that will not break,
That aches not, or that cannot cease to ache;
Doubts and misgivings, lest when storms are past,
They make sad shipwreck of the faith at last:
— *These*, and a thousand forms of fear and shame,
Bosom-temptations, that have not a name,
But have a nature, felt through flesh and bone,
Through soul and spirit, — felt by them alone;

— *These, these* the Christian pilgrims sore distress,
Like thorns and briars of the wilderness;
*These* keep them humble, keep them in the path,
As those that flee from everlasting wrath.

Yet, while their hearts and hopes are fix'd above,
As those who lean on everlasting love,
On faithfulness, which, though heaven's pillars bend,
And earth's base fail, uphold them to the end;—
By them, by them alone 't is understood,
*How* all things work together for their good.
Wouldst THOU too understand?—behold I show
The perfect way,—*Love God, and thou shalt know.*

## A BENEDICTION FOR A BABY.

---

WHAT blessing shall I ask for thee,
In the sweet dawn of infancy?
—That, which our Saviour, at his birth,
Brought down with Him from heaven to earth.

What next, in childhood's April years
Of sunbeam-smiles and rainbow-tears?
—That, which in Him all eyes might trace,
To grow in wisdom and in grace.

What in the wayward path of youth,
Where falsehood walks abroad as truth?
—By that good spirit to be led,
Which John saw resting on his head.

What, in temptation's wilderness,
When wants assail, and fears oppress?
—To wield like Him the Scripture-sword,
And vanquish Satan by "the word."

What, in the labour, pain, and strife,
Combats and cares of daily life?
—In *his* cross-bearing steps to tread,
Who had not where to lay his head.

What, in the agony of heart,
When foes rush in, and friends depart?
—To pray like Him, the Holy One,
"Father, thy will, not mine, be done."

What, in the bitterness of death,
When the last sigh cuts the last breath?
—Like Him your spirit to commend,
And up to paradise ascend.

What in the grave, and in that hour,
When even the grave shall lose its power?
—Like Him, your rest awhile to take;
Then at the trumpet's sound awake,
Him as He *is* in heaven to see,
And *as* He is, yourself to be.

## "OCCUPY TILL I COME."

LUKE, xix. 13.

---

ON

THE DEATH

OF

THE LATE JOSEPH BUTTERWORTH, ESQ.

AN EXEMPLARY CHRISTIAN, PATRIOT,

AND PHILANTHROPIST.

---

"HE was a burning and a shining light:"
—And is he now eclipsed in hopeless night?
No; faith beholds him near the sapphire throne,
Shining more bright than e'er on earth he shone;
While, where created splendour all looks dim,
Heaven's host are glorifying God in him.

If faith's enraptured vision now be true,
And things invisible stand forth to view,
Though eye to eye the' unbodied soul can see,
Self-lost amidst unclouded Deity,
He chooses, rather than a seraph's seat,
The lowest place at his Redeemer's feet;
And, with the' eternal weight of glory prest,
Turns even in paradise to Christ for rest.

Come we who once beheld his noontide blaze,
And hid before him our diminish'd rays;
Since his translation to a higher sphere,
We may, we must by our own light appear;
When sun and moon their greater beams resign,
The stars come out; they cannot choose but shine;
With force like his all eyes we cannot strike,
We may not equal him, but may be like:
Nor let the meanest think his lamp too dim,
In a dark world the Lord hath need of *him*;

By feeble instruments in providence,
God is well pleased his bounties to dispense
In his economy of grace the same;
—The weakest are almighty in his name.

What though the great, the good, the glorious fall,
He reigns whose kingdom ruleth over all.
—Talk not of talents;—what hast thou to do?
Thy duty, be thy portion *five* or *two;*
Talk not of talents;—is thy duty done?
Thou hadst sufficient, were they *ten* or *one.*
Lord, what *my* talents are I cannot tell,
Till thou shalt give me grace to use them well:
That grace impart, the bliss will then be mine,
But all the power and all the glory thine.

## EVENING SONG.

### FOR THE SABBATH DAY.

---

MILLIONS within thy courts have met,
Millions this day before thee bow'd;
Their faces Zion-ward were set,
Vows with their lips to thee they vow'd:

But Thou, soul-searching God! hast known
The hearts of all that bent the knee,
And hast accepted those alone,
In spirit and truth that worshipp'd Thee.

People of many a tribe and tongue,
Men of strange colours, climates, lands,
Have heard thy truth, thy glory sung,
And offer'd prayer with holy hands.

Still, as the light of morning broke
O'er island, continent, or deep,
Thy far-spread family awoke,
Sabbath all round the world to keep.

From east to west, the sun survey'd,
From north to south, adoring throngs;
And still, where evening stretch'd her shade,
The stars came forth to hear their songs.

Harmonious as the winds and seas,
In halcyon hours, when storms are flown,
Arose earth's Babel-languages,
In pure accordance to thy throne.

Not angel-trumpets sound more clear,
Not elders' harps, nor seraphs' lays,
Yield sweeter music to thine ear
Than humble prayer and thankful praise.

And not a prayer, a tear, a sigh,
Hath fail'd this day some suit to gain:
—To those in trouble Thou wert nigh;
Not one hath sought thy face in vain.

Thy poor were bountifully fed,
Thy chasten'd sons have kiss'd the rod,
Thy mourners have been comforted,
The pure in heart have seen their God.

Yet one prayer more;—and be it one,
In which both heaven and earth accord;
—Fulfil thy promise to thy Son,
Let all that breathe call Jesus Lord!

# OUR SAVIOUR'S PRAYERS.*

---

## Preamble.

High Priest for sinners, Jesus, Lord!
Whom as a man of griefs I see,
Thy prayers on earth while I record,
If still in heaven thou pray'st for me,
My soul for thy soul's travail claim;
I seek salvation in thy name.

* In these stanzas the Scripture-quotations are from those passages to which direct reference is intended in the lines themselves rather than to the corresponding accounts of the same transactions by others of the sacred historians.

## PART I.

Baptized as for the dead he rose,
With prayer, from Jordan's hallow'd flood;
Ere long, by persecuting foes,
To be baptized in his own blood:
The Father's voice proclaim'd the Son,
The Spirit witness'd;—these are one. Luke iii. 21, 22.

Early he rose ere dawn of day, Mark, i. 35.
And to a desert place withdrew,
There was he wont to watch and pray,
Until his locks were wet with dew,
And birds below, and beams above,
Had warn'd him thence to works of love.

At evening when his toils were o'er,
He sent the multitudes away,
And on the mountain or the shore,
All night remain'd alone to pray, Luke, vi. 12.

Till o'er his head the stars grew dim:
—When was the hour of rest for him?

In field or city when he taught,
Mark, viii. 12. Oft went his spirit forth in sighs;
And when his mightiest deeds were wrought,
Mark, vii. 34. To heaven he lifted up his eyes;
He pray'd at Lazarus' grave, and shed
John, xi. 41—43. Tears, with the word that waked the dead.

When mothers brought their babes, he took
Matt. xix. 13. The lambs into his arms, and pray'd;
On Tabor, his transfigured look,
Luke, ix. 28, 29. While praying, turn'd the sun to shade,
And forms, too pure for human sight,
Grew visible amidst his light.

"O Father! save me from this hour;
Yet for this hour to earth I came:"

He pray'd in weakness; then with power
Cried, "Father! glorify thy name:"
"I have," a voice from heaven replied,
"And still it shall be glorified." John, xii. 28.

## PART II.

For Peter, bold in speech and brave John, xviii. 10.
In act, yet in temptation frail,
(As once he proved him on the wave,) Matt. xiv. 31.
He pray'd lest his weak faith should fail; Luke, xxii. 32.
And when by Satan's snare enthrall'd,
His eye the wanderer recall'd. Luke, xxii. 61.

Amidst his mournful family,
Who soon must see his face no more,
With what divine discourse did he
Strength to their fainting souls restore!
Then pray'd for all his people:—where
Have words recorded such a prayer? John, xvii.

Heb. v. 7. Next, with strong cries and bitter tears,
Thrice hallow'd he that doleful ground,
Where, trembling with mysterious fears,
His sweat like blood-drops fell around,
And being in an agony,
Luke, xxii. 44. He prayèd yet more earnestly.

Here oft in spirit let me kneel,
Share in the speechless griefs I see,
And while *he* felt what I should feel,
Feel all his power of love to me
Break my hard heart, and grace supply,
For him who died for me to die.

Stretch'd on the ignominious tree
For those, whose hands had nail'd him there,
Who stood and mock'd his misery,
Luke, xxii. 34. He offer'd up his latest prayer;
Then with the voice of victory cried,
"'Tis finish'd," bow'd his head and died.

Then all his prayers were answer'd;—all
The fruits of his soul's travail gain'd;
The cup of wormwood and of gall
Down to the dregs his lips had drain'd;
Accomplish'd was the eternal plan,
He tasted death for every man.

Now by the throne of God he stands,
Aloft the golden censer bears,
And offers, with high priestly hands,
Pure incense with his people's prayers: Heb. vii. 25.
Well pleased the Father eyes the Son,
And says to each request, "'T is done."

# THE CHRONICLE OF ANGELS.

Suggested by the perusal of a manuscript treatise on "The Holy Angels," by a deceased friend, which was afterwards printed for private distribution only, in the year 1826, having the first clause of the following lines for a motto.

---

## Part I.

All that of angels God to man makes known,
Here by the light of his clear word is shown.
'T is Jacob's dream;—behold the ladder rise,
Resting on earth, but reaching to the skies,
Where faith the radiant hierarchies may trace
Abroad in nature, providence, and grace,
Descending and returning by that path,
On embassies of mercy or of wrath;

Here the stone-pillow and the desert-sod
Become the gate of heaven, the house of God;
—Put off thy shoes, approach with awe profound,
The place on which thou stand'st is holy ground.

Spirit made perfect, spirit of the just!
Thy hand which traced these leaves is fall'n to dust,
Yet, in the visions of eternity,
Things unconceived by mortals thou canst see,
—Angels, as angels stand before the throne,
By thee are without veil or symbol known:
Oh! couldst thou add one brilliant page, and tell
What those pure beings are who never fell,
—Those first-born sons of God, ere time began,
Though elder, greater, not more loved than man,
Thrones, principalities, dominions, powers,
Cherub or seraph, midst empyreal bowers,
Who in themselves their Maker only see,
And live, and move, and dwell in Deity:

—But 't is forbidden;—earthly eye nor ear
Heaven's splendours may behold, heaven's secrets hear;
To flesh and blood that world to come is seal'd,
Or but in hieroglyphic shades reveal'd.

We follow thee, bless'd saint! our tongues, ere long,
May learn from thine the church-triumphant's song;
For well, I ween, thy minstrel soul of fire
Can compass all the notes of Raphael's lyre;
—That soul, which once, beneath the body's cloud,
Sang, like an unseen sky-lark, sweet and loud;
Louder and sweeter now thy raptures rise,
Where cloud nor sun are seen in purer skies.

But what of angels know we?—Search that book
On which the eyes of angels love to look,
Desiring, through its opening seals, to trace
The heights and depths of that transcendent grace,

Which from the Father's bosom sent the Son,
Himself the ransom for a world undone.

First, with the morning stars when nature sprang,
These sons of God for joy together sang;
Diviner wonders day by day explored,
Night after night with deeper awe adored;
Till, o'er his finish'd work, Jehovah placed
Man, with the stamp of his own image graced:
Even angels paused a moment then to gaze,
Ere burst from all their choirs such shouts of praise,
As not in heaven at their own birth were known,
Nor heard when Satan's host were overthrown.

When man lost Eden for his first offence,
The swords of cherubim expell'd him thence,
Those flaming signs of heaven with earth at strife
Turn'd every way to guard the tree of life.

Angels, thenceforth, who in God's presence stand,
As ministering spirits, travel sea and land;
Onward or upward, rapt through air and sky,
From heaven to earth, from earth to heaven they fly;
Like rays diverging from the central sun,
Which through the darkness of creation run,
Enlightening moons and planets in their course,
And thence reflected seek their glorious source.

## Part II.

When Abraham dwelt in Mamre angels spoke,
As friend to friend, with him beneath the oak:
With flocks and herds, with wealth and servants blest,
Of almost more than heart could wish possest,
One want the old man felt,—an hopeless one!
Oh! what was all he had without a son?

The messengers brought tidings to his ear,
Which nature, dead in him, found hard to hear;
Which faith itself could scarce receive for joy,
But *he* believed,—and soon embraced a boy;
Nor, while the line of Adam shall extend,
Will faithful Abraham's promised issue end.

Hence, when his lifted arm the death-stroke aim'd
At him, whom God mysteriously reclaim'd,
At him, whom God miraculously gave,
An angel cried from heaven the youth to save,
And he who found a son when he believed,
That son again as from the dead received.

When Hagar, woe-begone and desolate,
Alone, beside the desert fountain sate,
And o'er her unborn babe shed bitter tears,
The angel of the Lord allay'd her fears,

And pledged in fee to her unportion'd child
The lion's range o'er Araby the wild:
"Here have I look'd for Him whom none can see?"
She cried;—"and found, for thou God seest me!"
—Again, when fainting in the wilderness,
An angel-watcher pitied her distress,
To Ishmael's lips a hidden well unseal'd,
And the long wanderings of his race reveal'd,
Who still, as hunters, warriors, spoilers, roam,
Their steeds their riches, sands and sky their home.

Angels o'erthrew the cities of the plain,
With fire and brimstone in tempestuous rain,
And from the wrath which heartless sinners braved,
Lot, with the violence of mercy, saved;
Now where the region breathed with life before,
Stands a dead sea where life can breathe no more.

When Jacob, journeying with his feeble bands,
Trembled to fall into a brother's hands;

At twilight, lingering in the rear he saw,
God's host around his tents their campment draw:
—While, with a stranger, in mysterious strife,
Wrestling till break of day for more than life;
He pray'd, he wept, he cried in his distress,
"I will not let thee go except thou bless!"
Lame with a touch, he halted on his thigh,
Yet like a prince had power with God Most High.

Nine plagues in vain had smitten Pharaoh's land,
Ere the destroying angel stretch'd his hand,
Whose sword, wide flashing through Egyptian gloom,
Lighted and struck their first-born to the tomb;
Through all the realm a cry at midnight spread,
For not a house was found without *one* dead.

When Balaam, blinded by the lure of gold,
To curse whom God would bless, his heart had sold,

A wrathful angel, with high brandish'd blade,
Invisible to him, his progress stay'd,
Nor till, with human voice, his own dumb ass
Rebuked the prophet's madness, let him pass.

When Joshua led the tribes o'er Jordan's flood,
The captain of God's host before him stood,
He fell, and own'd, adoring on his face,
A power whose presence sanctified the place.

When Deborah from beneath her palm-tree rose,
God into woman's hands sold Israel's foes;
They fought from heaven,—'t was heaven deliverance wrought,
Stars in their courses against Sisera fought.

They sinn'd again, and fell beneath the yoke;
To Gideon then their guardian angel spoke;
Three hundred warriors chosen at the brook,
Pitchers for arms, with lamps and trumpets took;

They brake the vessels, raised the lights, and blew
A blast which Midian's startled hosts o'erthrew;
Foe fell on foe, and friend his friend assail'd;
—The sword of God and Gideon thus prevail'd.

When David's heart was lifted up with pride,
And more on multitudes than God relied,
Three days, an angel arm'd with pestilence,
Smote down the people for the king's offence;
Yet when his humbled soul for Israel pray'd,
Heaven heard his groaning, and the plague was stay'd;
He kneel'd between the living and the dead,
Even as the sword came down o'er Zion's head;
Then went the' Almighty's voice throughout the land,
"It is enough; avenger! rest thine hand."

Elijah, with his mantle, smote the flood,
And Jordan's hastening waves divided stood;

The fiery chariot, on the further shore,
Deathless to heaven the' ascending prophet bore:
" My father!" cried Elisha, as he flew;
" Lo! Israel's chariot and his horsemen too:"
Then with the mantle, as it dropp'd behind,
Came down a power, like mighty rushing wind,
And as he wrapt the trophy round his breast,
Elijah's spirit Elisha's soul possess'd.
—He, when the Syrian bands, as with a net
Of living links, close drawn, his home beset,
Pray'd,—and his trembling servant saw amazed,
How Dothan's mountain round the prophet blazed;
Chariots of fire and horses throng'd the air,
And more were for them than against them there.

When pale Jerusalem heard Sennacherib's boast,
How, in their march of death, his locust host
Swept field and forest, rivers turn'd aside,
Crush'd idols, and the living God defied,

—While fear within the walls sad vigils kept,
And the proud foe without securely slept,
At midnight, through the camp, as with a blast,
Hot from Arabian sands, an angel pass'd;
And when the city rose at dawn of day,
An army of dead men around it lay!

Down in the raging furnace, bound, they fell,
Three Hebrew youths,—when lo! a miracle;
At large, amidst the sevenfold flames they walk'd,
And, as in Eden, with an angel talk'd;
Up rose the king astonied and in haste;
"Three men," he cried, "into the fires we cast;
"Four I behold,—and in the fourth, the mien
"And semblance of the Son of God are seen."

While Daniel lay beneath the lion's paws,
An angel shut the death-gates of their jaws,
Which, ere his headlong foes had reach'd the floor,
Crush'd all their bones, and revell'd in their gore.

Angels to prophets things to come reveal'd,
And things yet unfulfill'd in symbols seal'd,
When in deep visions of the night they lay,
And hail'd the dawn of that millennial day,
For which the church looks out with earnest eye,
And counts the moments as the hour draws nigh.

Thus angels oft to man's rebellious race
Were ministers of vengeance or of grace;
And, in the fulness of the time decreed,
Glad heralds of the woman's promised seed.

## Part III.

To Zacharias, with his spouse grown old,
John the forerunner's course an angel told;
Struck dumb for unbelief, the father's tongue
At the babe's birth for joy brake loose and sung.

To Mary, highly favour'd, Gabriel brought
An embassy of love transcending thought;

With fear and meekness, hearkening to his word,
" Behold," said she, "the handmaid of the Lord."

When Christ was born, that messenger once more
Good tidings to the Bethlehem shepherds bore
When suddenly with him the' angelic throngs
Turn'd night to morning, earth to heaven with songs.

When Herod sought the young child's life,—by night,
An angel warn'd his foster-sire to flight;
But when the murderer's race of blood was run,
Jehovah out of Egypt call'd his Son.

When by the Spirit to the desert led,
Our Saviour had not where to lay his head;
With hunger, thirst, fatigue, and watching worn,
When he, the tempter's dire assaults had borne,

Still with the written word his wiles repell'd,
Though long in that mysterious conflict held,
Till the foil'd fiend at length shrunk back with shame,
—Angels to minister unto him came.

In lone Gethsemane's most dolorous shade,
When in such agony of soul he pray'd,
That like great blood-drops falling to the ground
Burst the dark sweat from every pore around,
An angel,—from twelve legions marshall'd nigh,
Who waited but the signal of his eye,—
Cast o'er the Son of God his shadowing wing,
To strengthen him whom angels call their King.

Round the seal'd sepulchre where Jesus slept,
Angels their watch till the third morning kept;
They hail'd the earthquake, they beheld him rise,
Death's victim, now death's victor, to the skies.

While woman's faithful love the tomb survey'd
In which her hands his lifeless limbs had laid;
With lightning looks, and raiment snowy-white,
At whom as dead the guards fell down in fright,
A mighty angel,—he who roll'd the stone
From the cave's mouth,—the Lord's uprise made known.

Angels, to his disciples, while they saw
Their glorious Master in a cloud withdraw,
Ascend and vanish through the' expanding skies,
And follow'd him with failing hearts and eyes,
Foretold his second advent, in that day
When heaven and earth themselves shall pass away.

Angels unseen, as ministering spirits went,
When forth the chosen witnesses were sent,
With power from high to preach, where'er they trod,
The glorious gospel of the blessed God.

Angels made straight their paths o'er land and sea,
Threw wide their prison-doors and let them free,
Smote slaughter-breathing Herod on his throne,
Led Philip where the Eunuch sate alone,
Taught meek Cornelius, from what lips his ear
Might "words whereby he must be saved" hear;
And stood by fearless Paul, when, tempest-driven,
The whole ship's company to him were given.

Good angels still conduct, from age to age,
Salvation's heirs, on nature's pilgrimage;
Cherubic swords, no longer signs of strife,
Now point the way, and keep the tree of life;
Seraphic hands, with coals of living fire,
The lips of God's true messengers inspire;
Angels, who see their heavenly Father's face,
Watch o'er his little ones with special grace;
Still o'er repenting sinners they rejoice,
And blend their myriad-voices as one voice.

Angels, with healing virtue in their wings,
Trouble dead pools, unsluice earth's bosom-springs,
Till fresh as new-born life the waters roll;
Lepers and lame step in and are made whole.

Angels, the saints from noonday perils keep,
And pitch their tents around them while they sleep;
Uphold them when they seem to walk alone,
Nor let them dash their foot against a stone;
They teach the dumb to speak, the blind to see,
Comfort the dying in their agony,
And to the rest of paradise convey
Spirits enfranchised from the crumbling clay.

Strong angels, arm'd by righteous Providence,
Judgments on guilty nations still dispense,
Pour out their full-charged vials of despair
And death, o'er sun, and sea, and earth, and air;

Or sound their trumpets, while at every blast,
Plague follows plague, woe treads on woe gone past.

Bright angels, through mid-heaven shall hold their flight,
Till all that sit in darkness see the light,
Still the good tidings of great joy proclaim,
Till every tongue confess a Saviour's name.

The archangel's voice, the trump of God, the cry
Of startled nature, rending earth and sky,
Shall change the living, raise the dead, and bring
All nations to the presence of their King,
Whose flaming ministers, on either hand,
Ten thousand times ten thousand angels stand,
To witness time's full roll for ever seal'd,
And that eternity to come reveal'd,

—That era in the reign of Deity,
When sin, the curse, and death no more can be.
Angels who fell not, men who fell restored,
Shall then rejoice in glory with the Lord:
—Hearts, harps and voices, in one choir shall raise
The new, the old, the' eternal song of praise.

May ye who read, with him who wrote this strain,
Join in that song, and worship in that train!

THE END.

LONDON:
Printed by A. SPOTTISWOODE,
New-Street-Square.

THE FOLLOWING WORKS,

BY

# MR. JAMES MONTGOMERY,

ARE PUBLISHED

*By Messrs. Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, Green, and Longman.*

---

THE PELICAN ISLAND, in 9 Cantos;
AND OTHER POEMS.
Foolscap 8vo. 3d Edition. 8*s.* bds.

THE WANDERER OF SWITZERLAND.
Foolscap 8vo. 10th Edition. 6*s.* bds.

THE WORLD BEFORE THE FLOOD.
Foolscap 8vo. 8th Edition. 9*s.* bds.

THE WEST INDIES, and other POEMS.
Foolscap 8vo. 7th Edition. 6*s.* bds.

GREENLAND, and other POEMS.
Foolscap 8vo. 3d Edition. 8*s.* bds.

SONGS OF ZION, being IMITATIONS OF PSALMS.
Foolscap 8vo. 3d Edition. 5*s.* bds.

LECTURES ON POETRY and GENERAL LITERATURE, delivered at the Royal Institution in 1830 and 1831. Post. 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* bds.

"A fine specimen of pure English composition; the style is simple—just what prose ought to be; and yet every sentence breathes of poetry."—*New Monthly Mag.*

# POETICAL WORKS,

*Published by Longman, Rees, Orme, and Co.*

---

SELECT WORKS of the BRITISH POETS, from JONSON to BEATTIE. With Biographical and Critical Prefaces. By DR. AIKIN. Complete in 1 vol. 8vo. for Schools, &c. 18*s.* in cloth; or neatly done up, gilt edges, 20*s.*

SELECT WORKS of the BRITISH POETS, from CHAUCER to WITHERS. With Biographical Sketches. By ROBERT SOUTHEY, LL. D. 1 vol. 8vo. uniform with "Aikin's Poets," 30*s.* in cloth; or with gilt edges, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

REMAINS OF HENRY KIRKE WHITE. Selected, with prefatory Remarks, by ROBERT SOUTHEY, Esq. The only complete Editions. 2 vols. 8vo. 24*s.* bds.; and 1 vol. 24mo. with engraved Title and Vignettes, 5*s.* bds.

---

**WORDSWORTH'S POEMS.**

4 vols. foolscap 8vo. 24*s.*

THE EXCURSION may be had separately, 7*s.*

---

**SOUTHEY'S POEMS.**

8 vols. 3*l.* 2*s.*

The following may also be had separately: —

RODERICK, 2 vols. 16*s.*

THALABA, 2 vols. 16*s.* MADOC, 2 vols. 16*s.*

CURSE OF KEHAMA, 2 vols. 14*s.*

---

**THOMAS MOORE'S POEMS.**

LALLA ROOKH: an Oriental Romance. 8vo. 14*s.*

ILLUSTRATIONS of the same. By WESTALL, 12*s.*

The same in foolscap 8vo. with four Engravings, from Paintings by WESTALL. 14*s.*

THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS. 8vo. Fifth Edition. 9*s.*

WESTALL'S ILLUSTRATIONS of the same. 5*s.*

IRISH MELODIES. Foolscap 8vo. 10*s.*

00054063

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 17 February, 2016